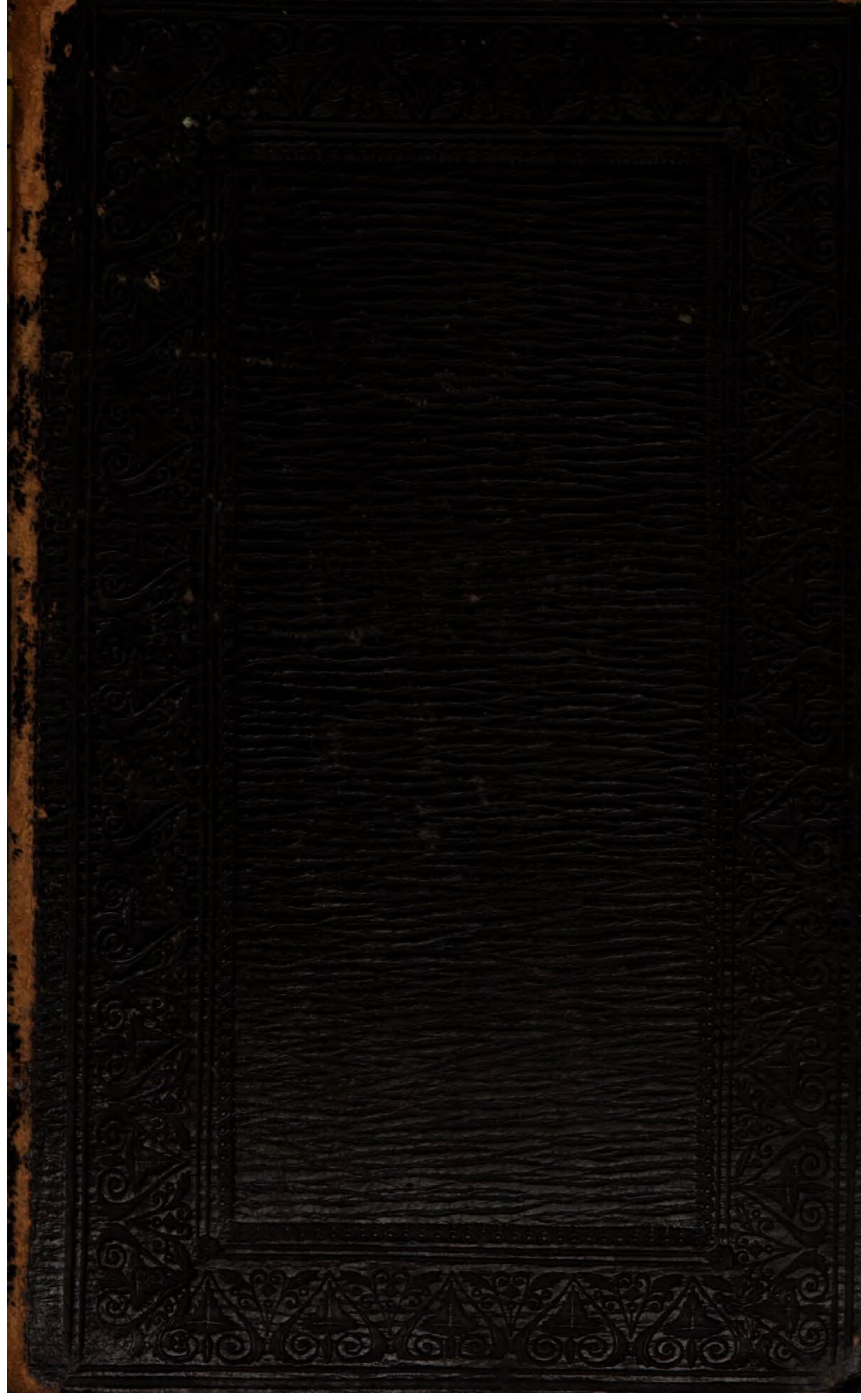




P.O. angl. 6137⁹



William Stokes.

5/862/11

Thomas Moore

POEMS.

WITH SOME

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

BY

JOHN ANSTER, Esq.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive.
Oh that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give :
Vain aspiration of an earnest will !

Wordsworth.

EDINBURGH :

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, PRINCE'S-STREET ;
T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, IN THE STRAND, LONDON ;
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*I am with you
With the Authors sincere
regards*

PREFACE.

I HAVE little to say in the way of preface. It may, however, be right to state, that a few of the smaller Poems have been for some time in private circulation. They were printed in Dublin in the year 1815; but though the pamphlet in which they appeared was intended for sale, I thought fit to have it suppressed soon after publication.

The first and second Poems in the Volume were written immediately after the events to which they allude; this consideration will, I trust, justify the expression of some of the feelings in "THE TIMES."

By printing "ZAMRI," I feel that I am exposing myself to the charge of making a weak attempt to imitate the manner of a distinguished modern poet.—ZAMRI was among my first attempts at versification, and the resemblance, such as it may be, was unintended. I was advised, however, to discontinue the Poem, and, by following this advice, another feature of resemblance is produced.—ZAMRI is—a Fragment of an Eastern Tale.

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THE TIMES:

A

REVERIE.

1815.

A

THE TIMES.

PART FIRST.

WHAT gentle murmur hath disturb'd the air?
Sure I have felt upon my cheek a breath,
Silent, and soft, as from an angel's wing!—
They come—in midnight visitings they come—
Those forms, that hover o'er the poet's couch,
What time he gazes with most earnest eye,
And long-suspended breath, lest from his view
The imag'd objects of idolatry
Should fade! I heard—even now I hear—a voice,
Low, yet most clear; I felt—even now I feel—
Mysterious breathings, and the soul obeys
In unresisting motion, when the Power
Of song exerts her holy influence!

Hast thou beheld the obedient march of waves,
The appointed flow, the regulated fall,
The rise, and lapse alternate? even as soon
Shall they rebel against the silent maid,
Who walks in joy among the company
Of stars, and casts her chain upon the deep,
As poet struggle with the awful Power,
That wakes the slumbering spirit into song;
As Man forbid the soul to undulate
Through all its depths, what time the breath of heaven
Moves o'er the darkness:—

Spoke there not a voice,
The present voice of God?—"Let there be light,"
It said, and light was over air and earth,
And with its glory garmented the deep:—
Even such a voice was heard on Chebar's banks,
Loud as the rushing of a thousand streams,
When in the shadow of the Deity
The Prophet* sate, or hung 'mid earth and heaven,
And, in the fearful vision, saw display'd

* Ezekiel.

The burning glory of the living God !
And, 'tis my faith, a portion of that power,
A ray of that divinest light, a breath
Of that eternal spirit, hath been given,
In later days to strengthen and to cheer,
To govern and to guide those favour'd men,
Whose lips are destin'd to proclaim to Earth
The ways of God, his providence, his power.

For me, and such as I am, humbler lay
Is more appropriate. Not to me was given
Ethereal impulse ; yet the ardent mind
Brooks not inglorious silence ! yet my cares
Are often solac'd by some lighter muse !
When sorrow prest me, when the heavy hand
Of sickness weigh'd on the dejected mind,
And cursed me in the merry time of youth
With the dim eye, and feeble foot of age ;
When Hope's reviving glow with health return'd,
Some spirit still was near to whisper song,

A form that, angel-like, hung o'er my bed
Of pain, to reconcile the soul to death,
And, angel-like, illumines my brighter hours.

What hour more fitting for her visitations,
Than when the silence of the night hath lull'd
The spirit?—when the stir of intercourse,
The fretting bustle, all that jarring clash'd
To drown the music of the mind, hath ceas'd?
What scene more suited to her agency
Canst thou conceive?—Round my broad window's
arch

The ivy's wreaths are wound, and through the frame
A few short shoots have found unbidden way;
The woodbine's pillar'd blossom in the breeze
Moves slowly, and upon the moonlight ground
The shadow casts an ever-varying stain;—
The sound of waters, too, is here,—that stream,
Whose banks I love to call the poet's haunt,
Soothes with its ceaseless murmur,—opposite

My window is a poplar, all whose leaves
Flutter most musical ;—the moonshine there
Plays strange vagaries,—now a flood of light
Spreads like a sheet of snow along the plain,—
Now all is darkness, save that through the boughs
On the green circle, like a summer shower
Slow falling from unagitated leaves,
Some glancing drops of light are chequering still ;—
Now is the ivy colour'd with the beams,—
Now on my floor they lie in quietness,—
Now float with mazy flow most restlessly,
(At rest, or quivering, still how beautiful !)
Like Fancy sporting with the poet's soul !

They come—in midnight visitings they come—
But not such forms as in the calm of night
Seek the soft twilight of the gentle moon !—
What form is yonder ? —never hath the dream
Of night been bodied in a wilder shape !
Stern is his brow, and gloomy, and his height

Is as the shadow on the burial ground,
When the moon's light upon some sculptur'd form
In cold reflection lies !—A heavy cloud,
And red, as though from steaming vales of blood
Exhal'd, o'ershades him with its canopy !
Whither, O Ruin ! whither would'st thou haste ?
Why dost thou wander from the wilderness
Where Tadmor wastes away ? Methought thine eye,
Delighted, linger'd on the mouldering wall,
And watch'd in rapture each decaying trace
That ceas'd to speak of man ! Methought thy voice
Was the low echo, that, within the tomb,
Disturbs the grave-worm, when the rotting plank
From the loose coffin drops upon the earth,—
A sound that, to the meditative man,
Would waken no unholy melancholy.
But now a restless fire hath lit thine eye,—
But now thy voice is dreary as the sound
That wakes the wounded warrior from his trance,
When the black vulture from her heavy wing

Flaps on his brow the drops of stiffening gore,
Or the steed dying falls a weary weight
On his bruised body :—whither wouldst thou lead,
Dark Ruin, whither? say, wilt thou to-night
Wander to see the dews of heaven shine chill
On those insensate forms, that, long expos'd,
Long rotting in the summer's sultry sun,
Breath'd pestilence?—the supple limbs of youth,
And manhood's sinewy strength, and rigid age,
Together lie :—the boy, whose hands with blood
Were never stain'd before, upon whose lip
The mother's kiss was ominously prest ;—
The man, alive to every tenderest thought,
Who cherish'd every fire-side charity ;—
And he, who, bending with the weight of years,
Felt the sword heavy in his straining hand,
Who had outliv'd the social sympathies
That link us to our kind—together here,
As in the cemetery's bourne they lie—
The patriot and the murderer side by side

Sleep silent,—he, who shrunk at every sound,
Who throb'd in terror for a worthless life,
Lies like a brother with the hopeless man,
Who desperately dar'd in scorn of death :—
The brave man in convulsing agony
Hath grasp'd, and holds in death the hireling's hand—
—He who was wont to calculate each chance,
To measure out each probability,
Behold him now extended on the earth,
Near that robust frame, whose tenant soul
Flash'd rapid in the energetic eye,
Whose thoughts were scarce imagin'd, ere they sprang
Forth-shap'd in instant action :—here lies one,
Whose soul was vex'd by Passion's every gust,
And like the oak-leaf trembled—gaze again,
Look on the mutilated hand, that still
Clings to the sword unconscious ;—milder man
Than he, whose mutilated hand lies there,
Breathes not ;—each passion that rebell'd was hush'd ;
So placid was his brow, so mild his eye,

It seem'd no power could break the quiet there,
Till, in the agony of tenderness,
As his wife hung upon his bending neck,
And lengthen'd out in sobs that last embrace,
He could not look upon her countenance,
And the big tear he struggled to repress
Fell on the rosy infant's cheek, who smil'd
At the unusual plume, and with stretch'd hand
Half drew the shining falchion from its sheath,
Then clung in mimic terror to his sire :—
—He parted :—soon the dewy breeze of morn,
The wild bird's carol and the wild flower's breath,
And the blue hills emerging from the sea
Of mists, that bath'd all night their pinnacles,
Infus'd serenity :—and, as he past
The funeral-ground, and heard the Sabbath bell
Peal its long solemn sound, be sure he thought
That with his fathers, in the family-grave,
His bones would moulder, and the thought was
sweet :

Alas ! ere long the soldier's hasty hand
Shall shape his burial-place, and the short prayer
Be mutter'd gracelessly above his grave !
—His was not what the great of earth would deem
A happy life ; yet what is happiness,
If he who by his daily labour earns
His children's daily food, who feels no thought
Repine against his lot, if such a man
Thou deem'st not happy, what is happiness ?—
His death was it not happy ? though he came
The proud assertor of an evil cause,
He came self-justified :—the patriot's glow
Illum'd his cheek in life's last agony !
Fallen warrior, there are those that weep for thee !
Aye, there is one who, in her daily prayer,
Leaves not the absent soldier's name forgot—
There is an eye that, as each passing cloud
Obscures the air, will shape it to thy form ;
And, when she thinks on thee, if the chill breeze
Roll the dry vine-leaf in its hurrying whirl,

Will start as though it were thy courser's hoofs :
Oh ! she hath often from the cradle snatch'd
Her dreaming child, and hush'd its little plaints,
Soothing him with the tale of thy return,
And rush'd to shew the infant to his sire,
Then laid it rudely by, and bitterly
Wept when she saw another face than thine.
—This is the work of courts :—some specious word,
Some goodly sound all meaningless, some breath
Of Love or Hatred fires a clime to arms,
Patriot, or *Loyalist*, will rouse the son
And sire to adverse battle—Kings of Earth,
Whose is the crime if Man should abdicate
His better nature ?—Statesmen, whose the crime,
If, uninstructed, he should rise in wrath,
And rush with impulse irresistible,
Right onward to your ruin and his own ?—
Have you not blotted from his memory
All sense of justice, when your shameless deeds
Confus'd each rule and ordinance of right ?

Have you not drunk the cup of blasphemy ?

Have you not sold in impious merchandise

Slaves, and the souls of men ?—

Thou wert alone,

Thou, England, like some hill, whose lofty brows

Retain at night, and joyously effuse

The light, that loves to lie and linger there :—

Only with thee Religion found a home,

Only with thee did Liberty repose !

This is a day of pride—ye robe yourselves,

Monarchs of Earth, with glory—Royalty

This day hangs lightly on you—bring the harp,—

Where is the timbrel ?—where the merry voice

Of music ? where the sprightly girl of France

To chaunt her *Vive le Roi* ?—more wine—more wine,

This, Monarchs, is a day of jubilee !

—Hence, idle jests,—it is too sad a theme—

Monarchs of Europe, when the storm of night

Swept with his eagle wing the subject earth,

Where slumber'd ye?—when all was desolate,
Where linger'd Russia? where did Austria lurk?
Shall we not speak of Erfurt?—meteor-like,
Ye shifted with the shifting gale, now red
With ominous lustre, now with sudden fall
Precipitate, your light was seen no more—
+ But, England, thou wert as the steady star,
That, first appearing at the close of day,
Cheers with its lonely beam the traveller,
Nor fades till lost in morning's purple light;
Woe to the traitor, whose unholy breath
Would dim thy glories! to the thoughtless woe,
Who scoff against thee, like some wretched carle
Muttering his magic to the glorious moon;
And even more soon that maniac's frantic words
Shall make her smile with less benignity
Upon the mourning sleeper's weary bed,
Than thou shalt cease to shine above the states
Of earth, than thou shalt furl the lion-flag,
That floats triumphantly in Ocean's breeze!

THE TIMES.

PART SECOND.

THE TIMES

PART SECOND

THE TIMES.

PART SECOND.

“ Woe to the guilty land ;—the palmer-worm
Shall waste her harvests !—like an evening cloud
The locust-swarms shall rise, and where they leave
The desolated vale, the canker-worm
Shall creep—a few thin ears shall still remain
Of all that Summer promis’d ; there the slug
Shall batten, there the caterpillar crawl,
And on the blighted grain shall insect tribes
Leave their cold egg, and perish—Wake and weep,
Wake, Drunkards, from your dream—is this an hour
To pledge the wine-cup ?—in your land the vine

Hath wither'd !—on your hills the cedar dies,
And foreign arms are gleaming to the sun—
Wake, Drunkards, wake !" —'Twas thus the prophet
spoke,

And they obey'd not—When hath man obey'd
The voice of warning ?—Though no prophet call'd
Unhappy France, though on the palace-wall
No hand dim-seen inscribed the words of doom,
As in old Babylon, she might have known
What fate would follow, when she stretch'd her arms
Impatient for the tyrant—might have heard,
In true anticipation, every shriek,
That soon must ring throughout her ravag'd realms—
She might have heard the rush of soldiery,
Numberless as the atoms, that the wind
Drifts in the stormy desert, when some ribb'd
And rifted hill of sand is whirl'd along—
She might have heard the warriors of the Don
And Dwina, shouting forth their strange hurra,
Screaming in sunny vales the dissonance,

That the cold peasant hears, when midnight storms
Shake his rude hut, and from the crashing roof
The whirlwind tears the rushy covering!—
Woe to the land where Prussia's plunderers come!
Behind their path the blaze of cottages
Shall shine, a beacon to the thousand hordes
That starve on Danube's banks!—woe to the land,
Where England comes in anger!—weep, ye wives,
The cross of blood is streaming in the sky!
Weep, daughters, weep, for brand and bayonet
Are sparkling in the sunbeam!—

Oh! what joy

Is thine, green daughter of the western star,
+ Ireland, my country, oh! what joy is thine!
But little do I love the din of war,
I cannot tell what soldiers pant to hear,
But many a bard shall chaunt of WELLINGTON,
And fondly hope thy hero's deathless name
Shall give his numbers immortality.—

Eternal Spirit, thou who promisest
That, when some few are gather'd in thy name,
Thou art amidst them ! that the humble prayer
Is not unheard by thee,—didst thou not gaze
With favour, when the climes of half the world,
Mov'd with one impulse, sent their children forth
To dash the tyrant from his tainted throne ?—
—Strange were the offerings on that Sabbath-day,
And stern the priests, who watch'd the sacrifice
On Waterloo's red field !—for choral hymn
Was heard the cannon's shock,—black incense steam'd
Against the cloudy heaven ! proud warriors there,
For whom the trumpet peal'd a matin-note,
Lie cold, and cannot hear the screams and shrieks,
That shock the ear of night—and cannot hear
The shout of Britain's pride, of Prussia's joy !
—Never from Indian island, lately taught
The Christian's happy creed, where, underneath
The grove's cool boughs, meet many a family
On Sabbath eve, arose a hymn more sweet

To claim the ear of Heaven, than from that field
Of blood, when, gazing on the piles of dead,
The fainting soldier sigh'd his gratitude!—

On what a scene that morning Sun arose!—
Struggling through heavy mists, his watery beams
Shone coldly on that fated plain, and gleam'd
On groves, whose boughs, rent by the midnight storm,
All bare of beauty lay;—from weary bed
The warrior started, on whose fretting ear
All night the voices of the changing winds,
The shivering of branches, and the calls
Of centinel from foreign bivouack,
Came ceaseless, often with that lulling sound,
Which brings the hope of sleep, in mockery,
To him who fain in sleep would lose the thoughts,
The anxious thoughts, that crowd upon his soul—
The Sun arose, and on the drear cold fields
Of Waterloo he shines,—a sadder sight
Is there in those who hail his beams with hope,

And will not rise to hail a second dawn—
What rapture swell'd the vein, what eloquence
Of lip, and eye, and gesture ! there were those
Who in the battle liv'd a thousand lives,
If life were measur'd by the warrior's joy ;—
Now, now the tide tumultuous rolls along,
Swift as the clouds in winter's chilling night,
That, hurrying onward, with their dusky folds
Darken the moon,—swift as their shadows sweep
Along a plain of snow or level lake !—
Look, look how rapidly yon coursers press
Up through those shrouds of smoke :—at times you
hear

The shouting riders, when the glancing hoof
Bounds light on softer earth—at times you see,
When the breeze wafts aside the battle-cloud,
The dark brow guarded by the shadowy helm,
The cuirass sparkling on the warrior's breast,
The long lance levell'd in the steady hand,—
And oft before the lancers' charging lines

The blue sword's momentary gleams are seen
In horizontal whirl of rapid light,
Or downward ray direct—with thundering tramp
The courser presses on—"Revenge—Revenge!"
Is Brunswick's battle-shout—"Revenge—Revenge!"
And well, stern mourners, worthily and well
Did you avenge your Lord—ye did not shrink,
Ye did not falter, when, with tempest-force,
France pour'd upon your squares her chivalry!—

See, where they meet—the pride of England meets
The veteran strength of France—and who shall tell
The tidings of such meeting? who shall live
To say, "My brethren perish'd by my side?"—
Proudly the Eagle, with exulting wing,
Hath revell'd in the tempest;—will he shrink
From this day's storm? untrembling we have view'd
His proudest flights, and shall we tremble now?—
Loud o'er the dinning field, like battle-whoop
Heard in some Indian vale, the hordes of France

Shout in mad revelry their leader's name.

They charge—they shrink—they fly!—With bolder
sweep

Another charge is made ;—again they shrink—

And yet another dash.—Ha ! there they stand,

An overpowering force—with frantic shout

The groves of Hougomont are ringing.—Hark !—

Again the cry of Britain !—From that wood

How few shall fly !—France charges not in vain,

And, black with blood, the heavy tri-color

Flaps o'er the walls of La-Haye-Sainte !—Still, still

In swift succession rush the hosts of France,

And still the Britons stand in steady square.

On what a scene the evening sun descends—

The doubtful battle still unfix'd—the rage

Of France—the force of England.—Still they strive,

Till now the angel of the evening star

Sheds vainly upon earth his smile of peace,

And from her throne in heaven the summer moon

Shines in her silent beauty ; she beholds
A strange and troubled scene.—I will not tell
The fatal flight of France—I will not pause
To gaze on Blucher :—Who hath not receiv'd,
With joy, that mocks the poet's utterance,
The happy tale ?—Yet could I wish to sing
The moonlight meeting, when the Prussian chief,
Who veil'd the furrow'd brow and hoary hair
With the accustom'd helm, in joyous hour
Greeted victorious Wellesley ;—'twas an hour
Of pride that man can seldom register,
Yea, centuries have slowly waned along,
And, in their lapsing seasons, no such scene
Of glory through the varied record shines !

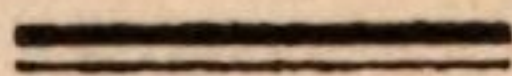
Fair orb of night, in what calm majesty,
Thou sailest onward in thy quiet course !
Like waves, that ripple o'er a summer sea,
The soft clouds glide before thee ; many an eye
In joy beholds thy course ; thy silent beams

Fall on the virgin's cheek, who, blushingly,
Leans o'er the lofty casement, in whose eye
The warm tear glistens, as the lover's song
Dies gradually upon her doating ear—
Oh, with what pleasure she beholds thy beams !
But there are those who with a wilder joy
Hail thee—but there are those who curse thy light!—
Fly, D'Erlon, fly !—Last eve the sable flag
Shadow'd thy host—fly ! fly ! revenge is near,
And Blucher's bloody brand !

Imperial slave,
And didst *thou* fly ? and didst thou fear to fall ?
Shunning the soldier's honourable death ?
And how wilt thou in Paris tell this tale ?
And who will hail thee Emperor now ? Erewhile
We heard of nought but victory and joy,—
“ Joy in Grenoble's streets, in Lyons Joy,
Joy in the courts of Paris ; once again
In fields of glory shall the Eagle shine ;
Children of France, rejoice ! Napoleon reigns.”

Such were the songs that shook thy capital—
Such were the shouts of military joy—
Joy that no good heart echo'd—frantic joy—
A momentary madness, that the soul
Shrinks in the lonely hour to recognize,—
Triumphant shouts of ruffian revelry,
Heard, like the cannon's roll, at evening hour,
By some devoted town, more deep, more dread,
Amid the silence of surrounding woe.—
And hast thou fled? and dost thou fear to die?—
All men, rejoicing, mock'd thy former fall—
Imperial slave, a worse abandonment
Awaits thee now, and no man grieves for thee!

THE TIMES.



PART THIRD.

THE TIMES

PART THREE

THE TIMES.

PART THIRD.

GAZE on the human frame !—the active foot—
The unwearied hand—the eye intelligent—
The powers and motions—the unceasing breath—
The impulse, the resistance,—each to each
Proportion'd,—all dependant upon all,—
All fearfully, all wonderfully made !—
—But view the soul,—it hath been rightly call'd
A world within,—an agitated world,
Where Passions, Prejudices, Weaknesses,
Bold Aspirations, Terrors tremulous
Hold restless conflict, warring ceaselessly,

Even like the outer earth ; aspiring Hope,
With pinions quivering, longs to bathe in heaven ;
Lo ! Fear, unsteady, hopeless of support,
His dim eye casts upon a deeper gulf,
That indistinctly swims before his sight ;
A thousand, thousand phantoms more are there,
That, shifting, mock the pencil which would range
Their shadowy groupings ;—such is the human soul,
And such the inmates who hold empire there !
—In each man's bosom thus there lies a world,
All peopled with the same inhabitants,
Each shining with its own peculiar light,
Each with its own peculiar atmosphere.—
Oh, I could dwell upon this fond conceit,
Till lost in contemplation ;—and such dreams
Are not without their uses ;—one man's soul
Commands respect, and “marks him from mankind.”
Fair is the promise of his opening youth,
Fortune hath garlanded his glorious brow ;
He stands alone :—the pyramid itself,

That frown'd through ages, and through ages more
Shall frown defiance to the lightning's bolt,
Seems not to press more proudly on its base.

—Where standsthismighty man? Do kings still bend
The humbled knee, or, with vain show of strength,
Send armies to their doom? Do senates still,
With mockery of counsel, legalize
Slavish submission to this lord of earth?
Where stands he?—All have heard the monstrous
tale!

The man, who gazed in horror on his crimes,
Whose daily supplication for his son,
Forc'd to the tyrant's arms, came to the ear
Of heaven, as though it were in truth a curse
Upon the tyrant; he, even he, half grieves,
As, dazzled with the glory, he looks back
On former days, and sees the heavy doom
That righteously awaits the man of blood!—
—I have not struggled to repress the sigh
His fate awoke, when I had heard that smiles

Were on his cheek, that laughter curl'd his lip,
That mirth was glancing in the restless eye
When he departed !—'tis a saddening thought
To see such glorious gifts bestow'd in vain,—
To see the lessons of experience prov'd
Thus fruitlessly,—to see a man, whose mind
Was fashion'd to ascend the proudest heaven,
Sink thus abased, till he become the scoff
Of worthless hordes :—but it is sure more sad
To see himself assume the scorner's part,
And join the jester in his mockery !—
Well, I have often pictur'd to myself
This proud destroyer, and I thought that Pride
Would still preserve him, still would fire the eye,
Still darken in the tutor'd countenance ;—
I did not deem that Feeling there could dwell,
I did not look for Virtue, and Remorse
Hath too much Virtue in its elements
To mingle with a mind, whose every thought
Is sin—whose every breath is blasphemy !—

—From thy sad place of former banishment,
Didst thou not look at times upon the sea?
It should have given an emblem to thy view,
How many a bark above the barren wave
Hath past, and left no trace,—how many a ball
Hath hiss'd along the waters,—oh, how oft
Hath Man, 'gainst Man array'd, encounter'd here,
In hope of glory ; all are now forgot,—
The dwellers of the neighbouring coasts, no more,
Can hold their deeds in memory, than the eye
Dwell on the cloud, or colour, that is past,
Or these still waves retain the imaged form,
While, near some distant shore, the gallant bark
On other waters flings its heavy shade :—
Such is the Conqueror's fame,—a few brief years,
And what remains ?—The Antiquarian's search,
The Sophist's sentence, and the School-boy's song !
—Yes, Fame is thine : when to another race
Thy purchas'd slaves have pour'd their flattery,
When scorn hath ceas'd to titter at thy name,

Thou yet shalt live—the Patriot's curse is thine,
The tale of Europe's groans, of murder'd man,
Of violated woman yet shall live,
And give thy deeds to immortality !
—Yes ! Fame is thine, and thou hast paid its price !
There was a time—but it is now gone by ;
It is but as an hour in dateless years,—
When it was said, the shade of coming night
Assum'd a deeper horror to the eye ,
While guilt was busy in the kindred breast;
'Twas said that murderers, in the dead of night,
Started and shriek'd in their oppressive dreams,
Nay, fancy dwelt so on another world,
That even the circle of the joyous sun
Was, to the sickly and distracted sense,
The haunt of demons, and his living light
Seem'd the hot blazes of the penal fire ;
'Twas said that furies o'er the bed of sleep
Watch'd with red eye, and, from the throbbing brow,
Drank with delight the dew that agony

Forc'd forth ;—but this, it seems, is fable all !—
The tyrant now can rest as quietly
As wearied infant ; yea, his features now
Are character'd, it seems, with merriment,
And 'tis the craft of Priesthood, that hath shap'd
A future world,—the kings of distant days
Have countenanc'd the fraud, that fools content
Might look for blessings in another scene,
And bear the yoke more tranquilly in this !—
'Tis, as the kingdom of some petty prince,
Useful to regulate the scales of power,
And yield fair pretext, when the lords of earth
Would sanctify their crimes with Virtue's name—
Oh, we live fearlessly in latter times !
Hath not Philosophy disprov'd a God ?—
Ere yet the chymist call'd the bolt from heav'n,
We spoke of spirits governing its beam,—
Ere yet he learn'd to part and analyze
The rock, we deem'd some more than human pow'r
Had planted it in ocean,—'till he stirr'd

The muscles of the dead with mimic breath,
And call'd the cold convulsion life, we deem'd
That Heaven alone could bid the dry bones shake !
—But joy to Man ! progressive centuries
Have erred, and Wisdom now at length appears—
And, lo ! the Goddess ! not with brow austere,
Features, that tell of silent toil, and locks
Laurell'd, as erst in the Athenian schools ;—
Nor yet with garment symbol'd o'er with stars,
And signs, and talismans, as in the halls
Of parent Egypt ; not with pensive eye,
And dim, as though 't were wearied from its watch
Through the long night, what time, to shepherd-tribes
Of fair Chaldæa, she had imagin'd forth
The host of Heav'n, and mapp'd their mazy march,
While the bright dew on her tiara'd brow,
And the cold moonlight on her pallid face,
And the loose wandering of her heavy hair,
(As the breeze lifted the restraining bands,)
And the slow motion of the graceful stole,

When with her jewell'd wand she trac'd the line
Of milky light—all gave a sober air
Of mild solemnity.—*She* comes not now,
Like that tall matron, on whose sunny cheek
The smile of pleasure shone, when over earth
She yok'd her cloudy chariot to the breeze,
And scatter'd blessings with a bounteous hand,
While young Triptolemus, with flushing face
And animated eye, reveal'd his love,
And sporting with the brown lock's floating length,
Wreath'd her dark temples with the curling shoots,
And green leaves of the vine !—Hath Wisdom rob'd
Her form with mystery, as when Athens bow'd,
At old Eleusis' venerable shrine,
The suppliant knee, while cymbal clash'd, and song
Re-echoed, and, with pomp of sacrifice,
The victims bled to pale Persephone,
'Till all was perfected—then came a pause,
And stop of sound most sudden, and the step
Of votaries falling on the earth so soft,

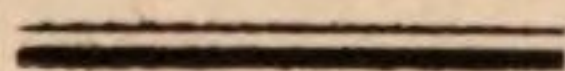
That not an echo caught the still small sound,
As sad they enter'd the interior vault ;
And not a stir was heard among the crowd,
Till from the fane, with sadness in their looks,
The venerable sages issued forth,
Burthen'd with thoughts they never may reveal !

But now Philosophy hath thrown aside
These old austerities ; with smiling lip,
And features painted for the last night's dance,
She reels into the chair ; around her seat
Attends a motley throng,—and first Old Age,
With solemn countenance, disturb'd at times,
When hoarse hard coughs convulse the palsied frame,
Mark ! with what rapture he unlearns his creed !—
The stammering tongue of Boyhood next is taught
To mutter over some unmeaning words,
“ Motion” and “ Matter,” “ Liberty” and “ Chance.”
Youth lingers here to learn the silly cant,
And soon with fevered soul, and blood on fire,

Will rush more madly to the wild debauch.—
The maiden must not blush to hear the name
Of maiden held in mockery, to hear
All the kind charities of life profan'd,
And lessons taught, at which our ancestors
Are shuddering in their startled sepulchres ;—
And these are they,—these, who such doctrines
preach,

These are the men, whom France hath deified !—
Heavens ! I would rather bow before the stone,
Would lead my children to the mountain's brow,
And teach them all the old observances,
That ever frantic fanatic hath dream'd ;—
Would rear an obelisk, on whose high top,
Shivering in cold, and cheerless penitence,
I might at length demand the martyr's crown,
Than hear such sickening immorality,
And themes, that force on the abhorrent soul
Harsh feelings, that refuse to harmonize
With such tranquillity as Wisdom loves !

THE TIMES.



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THE TIMES.

PART FOURTH.

PHILOSOPHERS, anatomists of soul,
Ye have display'd a fearful spectacle,
The human heart exposed in nakedness !
Come, gaze upon a kindred sight of woe ;
A hideous phantom,—from the bloated limb
Dull drops the heavy flesh,—the bloodless vein
Shrinks,—and the long cold arm, so ghastly white,
Strikes with damp rattle on the bony thigh ;
A sickly green hath rusted on the brow,
As though 'twere borrow'd from the charnel stone ;
And the dry dust is on the spider's web,

That shades the vacant dwelling of the eye ;
A few thin locks still linger on the brow,
And the chill breeze will sometimes shake those
locks,

With something not unlike the stir of life,
More fearful than the fearful calm beneath ;—
Well may'st thou shudder now,—but if that frame
Should move, if from his lonely prison-place,
By old Seville, or where Toledo taught
Black secrets, started some foul fiend, whose task
It is, to breathe around the vaulted grave
The dewy dampness, that the mouldwarp loves,—
To bathe the fungus, with the clammy drop,
That oozes from the dead decaying flesh,—
To feed in silence the sepulchral lamp ;
What, if o'erwearied with the tedious task,
He loos'd the ligaments that held him there,
And, bursting thro' the sepulchre's cold clasps,
He bathed his black wings in the moonlight sea,
And flinging round his path a meteor-shower,

And pouring on the gale his stormy voice,
Stain'd with his dusky presence the blue night;
—What if he breath'd himself into that frame,
Swell'd out those limbs to giant vastitude,
Gave animation to the morbid mass,
Lit the deserted fortress of the eye,
And stalk'd 'mong men, and call'd upon the tribes,
That gaz'd in awe, to bow before his might,
And conquering, and to conquer, bent his course,
And rous'd a thousand brother-fiends to share
The spoil, and glory in the gloomy view!—
—Even such a SPIRIT over Earth has pass'd,
Dimm'd the green beauties of Columbia's vales,
And, scoffing at each dear humanity
Of life, infected with his poisonous breath
The heaven of France—"Hail, Revolution, hail!
All hail, redeeming Spirit!"—shout and song,
The ceaseless voice of maddening multitudes
Rung the acclaim!—through courts, through cot-
tages,

Feelings, not much unlike its varying tones,
To thee I need not tell, what added strength
Will nerve the plume, that seeks with elder bards
Olympus high, and bathes in Castaly ;
—Oh ! for such wisdom would'st thou not renounce
The sophist's jarring sounds, and view in scorn
The dreams that France hath call'd philosophy ?
Would'st thou not gaze in wonder and contempt,
Like the Peruvian, when, in Cusco's fane,
The white-rob'd priest flung down the offerings
Of flowers and fruitage, and, with bitter voice,
Call'd on the savage man to bend his knee
To sculptur'd stone, and in prostration fall
Before the graven work of human hands,
While through the open roof the mid-day sun
Shone visible a God, and with the blaze
Of brightness mock'd the taper's sickening ray !

Spirit of Heaven, undying Poetry,
Effluence divine ! for by too high a name

I cannot call thee,—ere the ocean roll'd
Round Earth, ere yet the dewy light serene
Stream'd from the silent fountains of the East,
To fill the urns of morning, thou didst breathe,
And, musing near the secret seat of God,
Wert thron'd o'er Angels ! thou alone could'st look
On the eternal glory ; till thy voice
Was heard amid the halls of heaven, no breath
Disturb'd the awful silence ! Cherubim
Gaz'd on thy winning looks, and hung in trance
Of wonder, when thy lonely warblings came,
Sweet as all instruments, that after-art
Of angel or of man hath fashion'd forth.
—Spirit of heaven, didst thou not company
The great Creator ?—thou didst see the sun
Rise like a giant from the chambering wave,
And, when he sank behind the new-form'd hills,
Shrined in a purple cloud, wert thou not there,
Smiling in gladness from some shadowy knoll
Of larch, or graceful cedar, and at times

Viewing the stream that wound below in light,
And shew'd upon its breast the imag'd heaven,
And all those shades, which men in after-days
Likened to trees, and barks, and battlements,
And all seem'd good to thee ;—wert thou not near,
When first the starting sod awoke to life,
And Man arose in grandeur ?—Thou didst weep
His fall from Eden, and in saddest hour
Thou wert not absent :—from the peopled ark
Thy voice arose, the tribes of air and earth
Forgot their fears of the increasing wave,
When from thy throne, within the human heart,
Breath'd slow the evening-psalm, ere yet the Dove
Roam'd o'er the watery waste with weary wing !—
Spirit of Heaven, thy first best song on earth
Was Gratitude ! thy first best gift to man
The Charities ;—Love, in whose full eye gleams
The April-tear,—all dear Domestic Joys,
That sweetly smile in the secluded bowers
Of Innocence ;—thy presence hath illum'd

The temple ; with the prophets thou hast walk'd,
Inspiring !—oh ! how seldom hast thou found
A worthy residence !—the world receives
Thy holiest emanations with cold heart ;
The bosom, where, as in a sanctuary,
Thy altar shines, with its own grossness dims
The blaze, or, faint with the “ excess of light,”
Thy votary sinks, and in a long repose
Would rest the wearied soul : how many a one
Insults thy presence, forcing thee to join
The haunts of riot and of revelry,
Yet, when the voice of Eloquence is dumb,
When Virtue shrinks from the appalling task
To rouse a sinking people to the sense
Of shame, then, Spirit, deeply dost thou move
The soul !—oh, breathe, as with thy Milton's voice,
And testify against these evil times :
Oh, paint to nations, sunk in sloth and sleep,
The virtues of their fathers—let thy song
Come like the language of a better world,

Like fancied tones, that soothe the musing bard
When passions slumber, and serenity
Breathes softly, as the gale on summer's eve :
Fling images of love, as fair as those
That, from the bosom of the deep, allure
The mariner, presenting to his eye
The hills his little feet were taught to climb,
The valley where he lived, the pillar'd smoke
That shines in the evening sun, from the low roof
Where dwell his children and deserted wife !

I may not venture on such theme : I feel
My many weaknesses ! a little while
Repose my harp in silence, we have wak'd
Numbers too lofty ;—rest we here awhile !

LINES
ON
THE DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

LINES

THE DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

VIZ

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

LINES
ON
THE DEATH
OF
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

WEEP!—for the wrath of God is over us!
Weep!—for his arm is lifted to destroy!
Famine hath thinn'd the land! in autumn's gale
We felt his icy breath:—the plague sweeps by,
Or, resting in clear air on silent wing,
Beholds his earthly victims toiling on.
Still the same struggles for the same low ends!—
—Still the same passions tear the human heart!—
Avarice,—Ambition,—Hatred;—till the grave

Closes upon us ! Oh for words to wake
A sinful nation from its dreams of death !
Oh for such accents as the dead shall hear,
When the dull vaults re-echo with the trump
Of the Arch-angel ! still the sun rolls on,
And sees us in our sins :—the silent moon
Hears the wild voices of intemperate mirth :—
Is this—oh God !—is this an hour for joy ?

Weep !—a severer judgment !—bend to earth
The stubborn knee, and, ere it be too late,
Oh call on Heaven in agony of prayer !
Weep !—a severer judgment !—Oh what woes
Are destined for the earth ! what heavier clouds
Of wrath are deepening round us ! *She* hath died,—
She, on whose lovely life when good men look'd,
They thought on years of happiness to come ;
And felt with added joy the Briton's boast
Of ENGLAND, the proud mistress of the earth !
The noble island of the Brave and Free !

Mourn ! for the wrath of God is over us !
A sudden chill hath withered every heart ;
And few there are, who, with untroubled eye,
Have heard the tidings !—in an under tone
Fathers repeat the tale, and, ere its close,
See the tears shining on their children's cheeks ;
And pause at heavy sobs, that half repressed
Will force their way : the mother views in fear
The firelight glance upon the rosy face,
And deems its flush the herald of decay.—
How hollow are the promises of earth !
Its hopes how fleeting !—all things round us preach
Still the same warning moral :—I have wept
To hear the heavy death-bell's dreary sounds,
On a spring morn, when all things breathed of life,
Tolling for one who died in youth's gay time,
When joys were bright, and hopes were blossomy !—
Why linger to enforce such theme ? why tell,
How vain all earthly objects of pursuit,—
Flitting for ever like the idle cloud

Before the wind, what time, as Lochlin's bards
Report, the dead upon their shadowy steeds
O'er the hill-tops pursue the phantom prey?—
—Nations have passed away!—round TADMOR'S
 walls,
Her columned temples, her proud palaces,
The level dust in mournful silence lies;
Or, when the dry wind breathes, the traveller starts
To see the Spirits of the Desart rise,
And, wheeling round in wild fantastic whirl,
Howl through lone streets, where man hath ceased
 to dwell!—
—Nations have passed away!—along the deep
The voice of the avenging angel came;
And where is TYRE?—upon a lonely rock
The fisher dries his net, nor thinks of thee,
Queen of the Ocean! and his sullen song,
And the hoarse sea-bird's scream alone are heard,
Mingling with the dull wave monotonous!

But why—why dwell upon the tales of old ?
Even now the voice of the Destroyer cries,
“ Woe to the sons of earth ! woe to thee, ROME !
Woe to the glorious dwelling of the great,—
The everlasting city !”—though no cloud
Stain the soft beauties of the summer sky,
Though still her groves are musical with joy,
Even in that gay and laughing atmosphere
The fiend of desolation smiles unseen.

And, ENGLAND, what art thou ? thy hills have rung
With songs of joy,—with shouts of triumphing :—
Never hath hostile banner in thy breeze
Displayed its wanton pride :—thy gallant barks
Like angels move along the peopled sea,
To minister thy blessings, or discharge
The thunders of thy wrath :—what glorious days
Were thine, when the insulting crest of FRANCE
Was crushed beneath thy foot !—when monarchs
came

And gazed in wonder on the Mighty Isle !—
Oh then what words might paint the splendid dream
Of him, who, looking with a prophet's eye
Down the long depth of days to come, had fixed
His view upon thy doom ?—the prospect holds
Imagination captive ;—old Romance
Hath never imaged in her wildest mood
A brighter picture :—on a lofty throne,
Ringed with the best of England's chivalry,
In royal robes, a lovely Lady sits :—
Her brow is diademed ; and in her hand
The golden sceptre rests, and evermore
Her full eye fixes on the lordly form
Of him who shares her seat :—and is there not
A voice of blessing in that crowded hall ?—
Oh for the tongue of Woodstock's matchless
bard !—
Oh for the voice of him whose spirit basked
In the clear sun-light of the muse !—to tell
What shouts of gladness ring the loud acclaim ;—

“ Blessing on CHARLOTTE, and the happy youth
Whom our good Queen hath gazed upon with love !”
Oh for the heart of SPENSER !—to conceive
That lovely Lady’s feelings, when she looks
On her approving subjects ;—to conceive
The thoughts, whose language is the silent tear,
That swells from founts of gladness in the heart !—
The deeper joy that finds no utterance !—
But, hush ! in that wide hall the sounds have ceased ;
Envoys from distant lands approach, and bend
Before the lofty throne ;—from those green vales
Where GANGES, sacred river, rolls in joy ;—
From TONGA’S isles, that star the Peaceful Sea ;—
From lone COLUMBIA’S wilds, where now at eve
The Scottish shepherd sings his country’s airs ;—
The trembling native hears along the lake
Words wildly chaunted in an unknown tongue,
And deems, his fathers’ spirits gliding by
Converse in the strange language of the Dead.

All bow before the throne ;—all join the shout
Of ENGLAND'S tribute to the righteous Queen.

* * * * *

It was a dream ;—its hues have passed away !
Thus where VESUVIO'S streams of fire had rolled
In savage triumph o'er some city's pride ;
When ages have passed on, the jealous mass,
That closed abandoned streets is hewn away,
And he, who gazes through some fractured roof,
Looks for a moment on the forms of men,
Standing erect in attitude of life,—
Till the cold air of earth hath breathed on them,
And all is solitude and emptiness !

Weep ! for the wrath of God is over us !
When hath the dark and heavy mould been heaped
Above a better heart, a lovelier form ?

Daughter of England's hopes, amid what scenes
Of bliss and beauty was it thine to move,
Thyself more blessed, and more beautiful!—
What gentle feelings through that happy heart,
Flowed on for ever, like the quiet lapse
Of streams with music welcoming the Spring!
And Love, the angel of the female soul,
Watched o'er thy calm domestic happiness.
In vain the glare of Courts allured thine eye,
Which gazed on all their joys;—as angels gaze
(While pity mingles with their tears of love)
On earth,—what time the sinking sun hath stained
The thin soft clouds, and all is beautiful!

Yes, there are Spirits, whom the cold heart knows
not!—

Spirits, that shun the dwellings of the great,
And have their home within the sheltered vale.
Unseen they mingle in the village dance;
Unseen they hover o'er the happy hearth;

While to his bright-eyed boy the peasant tells
Some village-tale, or hums an idle song :
And he, who, with closed eye-lids, musing sits
Beneath some bowering tree, may hear their voices
Mingling with the wild music of the winds,
Or the soft melody of twilight waters ;—
And they are echoed in the thinking heart !

Oh CLAREMONT, o'er thy home of blessedness
Such Spirits watched !—and ne'er hath humble maid
Imagined, in her youthful dream of love,
A paradise more sweet, than that still haunt,
Where she, whom England's hopes beheld a Queen,
With him, whom she had singled from the world,
Dwelt in such bliss as worldings will not know !—
I cannot linger on the thought !—the heart
Shrinks from the sight of pleasure past away,
Of joy for ever clouded !—that dull bell
With ceaseless sound distracts the thinking soul,
That fain would dwell on earth, and earthly joys,

On youth, and on the hopes of youthful love :—
It calls the spirit back to solemn thought ;
And, as I listen to the sullen sounds,
I see the lovely objects of my vision
Swinging before me, dully, dizzily !

Oh there is grief on earth !—o'er WINDSOR's halls
The wan moon sheds her melancholy beams ;—
But surely in her calm and lovely light
There is a tenderness that sorrow loves ;
And he who gazes on her placid orb
May half forget his griefs ! those solemn bells
Still with their regular and measured peals
Chime heavily !—I hear a distant hum,
Like the long murmur of the evening waves
Breaking upon the melancholy shore.
And see !—the pomp and pageantry of Death !
Banners are waving in the midnight wind ;
And heavy plumes are nodding mournfully ;
Down Gothic aisles they move ; the chapel streams

With a strong glare of thick unnatural light ;
And sad it is to gaze along those aisles,
And see the scutcheons held in trembling hands,
Telling, even now, of earthly vanities !—
And sad it is to see the dreary pall,
And that dull urn, and think upon the heart
Reposing there for ever !—by the glow
Of waving torches you may see the cheeks
Of Beauty pale, and stained with streaming tears ;
And in the eye of man that faltering light,
Which speaks the pang within, when tears are
checked
By strong but painful effort !—not a voice
Disturbs the solemn silence of the pile :—
One feeling holds all bosoms,—youth and age ;—
Youth—in whose heart hope gazed exultingly
Upon the future, with a prophet's eye ;
Age—sick of earth,—whose blood had ceased to throb
At man's delights, or man's calamities ;—
The same strong feeling holds all bosoms here !

But there is one—whom every eye regards,—
Whose eye is fastened on that lonely bier ;—
He sees it not !—but LEOPOLD, to think
Upon the images, that swim through tears
Before thy troubled eye !—whate'er they are,
Still sacred be that noble spirit's grief !—
For pangs are written on that furrowed brow ;
And that wan cheek,—that dim and fixed eye
Speak agonies man shudders to conceive !—

But hark !—a faint and feeble voice is heard !—
The broken voice of age !—the herald tells
Her name who lies beneath, her princely birth !
But what is Grandeur ? in an hour like this,
All feel its nothingness !—a deeper voice
Gives utterance to those calm and solemn words,
That tell us of the Dead,—who sleep in peace !
Hush !—for it is the pillared organ's peal,
That sends into the soul its streams of sound,—
Its deep unearthly music !—what is Man

That we should grieve for him ? and what is Earth,
That we should mourn for its calamities ?
How like an angel's voice the deep sounds roll,
And waken thoughts, that are not of the earth.
Hush !—for the sinking murmurs roll away ;
But, ere the spell hath died upon the ear,
You hear the human voice in mournful wail ;—
And now again the long rich melody
Fills the wide pile ;—and, when its notes are hushed,
The heart throbs audibly, and holy tears,
That speak of heaven, are rushing to the eye !

The last sad rites are paid ; and—earth to earth—
The Beautiful, the Noble is consigned !
CHARLOTTE of England, thou art laid in peace !—
Short was thy sojourn here, and, like the smile
Of heaven approving thy most blameless life,
The glow of happiness was shed o'er thee !

Peace dwelleth in the silence of the grave ;
And the bright stars, that smile like souls at rest,

Oh, speak they not of peace?—but there is grief
On earth ; and they, who, from those misty aisles
Pour, like a wave, into the moonlight air,
Gaze for a moment on the holy stars,
And the moon moving through the clear blue sky,
And think with tears that all but earth is blest !

Oh, whither,—whither shall the mourner go?—
The Lover?—the Beloved?—he, who gazed
Till now on the departed?—he, who called
On madness to relieve him from the pangs
Of memory, that, with too faithful zeal,
Is picturing the form of her he loved?
Whither,—oh whither shall the mourner go?
His brain is swimming round in dizzy whirl ;
Vainly he gazes on the quiet heavens ;—
To him they speak not of tranquillity !
They smile ;—a chilling smile of mockery !
The stars are shivering in cold green light,—
Cold as the lot of man !—Oh, speak not now

Of Nature sharing in our woes !—the heart
Forbids all sympathy, repels relief,—
And scorns the airy fiction, that would blend
Its feelings with the silent things of Nature.
Spirit of the Departed ! smile on him,
Who wanders now through thy deserted haunts,
And casts a mournful glance upon the walls,
That speak of thee !—for there the canvass shews
Some fond memorial, by thy genius traced,
Of scenes, that he had gazed on with delight,
When, arm in arm, he rambled forth with thee !
See ! where he stands, and looks upon that frame,
Once eloquent with music's holiest spells,
Now mute :—he stands, as though he hoped to hear
The voice he loved ;—and who can tell, what songs
Of joy, with their sad echoes, wound that heart ?

Spirit of the Departed, smile on him !
He sleeps,—and thou art with him in his dreams !—
Fair, as when first he gazed upon thy charms ;—

Kind, as when first his tale of love was breathed ;—
And dear, as when, with joy that fathers feel,
He blessed the mother of his unborn child !
His dream is of the days of early love,—
And of his lovely bride :—of her, whose soul
Was lofty, and claimed kindred with the great ;
Whose heart was gentle ; whose strong mind was
fixed
On thoughts beseeming her high destiny ;
Whose spirit held communion bright with heaven ;
And thus along the walks of daily life
Shed such a mild and tender light, as clouds,
That float around the sun to catch his rays,
Diffuse o'er earth, in evening's loveliest hues.
Such is his happy dream ;—but hush !—he moans,
And starts, and gazes round with open eyes :
But still his senses sleep ;—the spirit wakes,
And Hope, and Fear, and Bliss, and Agony
Are mingled in the vision ;—a strange hall
Receives him ; lofty columns prop the roof ;

And music summons to high festival ;
But fouler banquet never Grecian bard
Imagined at Thyestes' savage feast :—
He rushes from the board ; and suddenly
Stands where a thousand torches chase the night,
Waving above a sable canopy :
And there is one, who, in a well-known voice,
Cries—" Welcome LEOPOLD to Paradise !"
And momentarily, as though he moved on wings,
He stands in Eden's garden ;—all is bliss !—
Through pleasant walks the dreamer wanders on,
Or, lingering, enjoys the breezy shade
Of arbours, garlanded with many a flower,
Bright as the colours of a sunset cloud,
Or the soft cheek of woman, when her heart
Is happy, and her features glow with health—
Again a sudden dampness chills his soul,
And distant thunders growl upon his ear ;
He gazes on a shuddering female form,
While a deep voice is breathing awfully,—

“ In sorrow shalt thou bring thy children forth :”—
And who shall tell the terrors of that voice ?
But still the senses sleep ;—the loud bells peal ;
A song of gladness fills the echoing earth ;—
“ Joy, for an heir is born to ENGLAND’S throne !”—
But then was heard a sound of muffled drums,
And, as they cease, a scream of agony
Rings through his soul, and bursts the bonds of
sleep—
Sweet Spirit, that he loved, oh comfort him !—

There is a blind old venerable Man,
Whose cheek grief hath not clouded ;—and no tear
Hath stained his sightless eyeball ;—good Old Man !—
He only doth not grieve ;—years have rolled by,
Since he did gaze upon a daughter’s death ;
And the soul sunk, stunned with the heavy blow,
In darkness—hopeless darkness :—a chill flash
At times will lighten o’er that midnight gloom,
In ghastly mockery ;—then fade away !

Oh ! 'tis a thing of sadness, that the heart
Even now can feel, to view that hollow cheek,
And its unmeaning smile ;—to hear that laugh,—
Mocking the agonies of all around !—
Yet is not the dark chamber comfortless ;
He knows not Man,—and all beneath is passed
For ever from his heart ;—but, like the star,
O'er which a chilling cloud hangs dim, that soul,
Shut out from Earth, enjoys its native Heaven.
Oh, with what anguish would those pale lips writhe,
And how distractedly those feeble hands
Scatter the thin gray tresses, if one ray
Shone on the midnight of that soul, and shewed
The solitude of earth !—till now, one flower
Still smiled, the hope of England's royal stem,
And cheered the desert !—

All is loneliness !—

Oh, God, in trouble we do call on thee !
Thou, who dost bid the lightning-bolt of wrath

Oft minister to mercy,—and the storm,
'That o'er the mountain-billow flings his voice,
Combat the fiend, whose breath is pestilence ;—
Thou, by whose power, the passions and the sins
Of Man, his wants and his adversities,
All onward tend to Universal Good :—
Father, in mercy look upon the earth,
And change its mourning into songs of joy !

And We, whose sins have waked the wrath of
Heaven,
Still shall we live in fearless apathy ?
—Even in the silence of this lonely hour
The Hurricane above the Atlantic wave
Spreads his black wings:—the sullen thunder-clouds
Clash, and the red sun sinks with angry glare ;
The cane-groves crash ; the lightnings are abroad !
And, like a troubled spirit, the dark stream
Rolls wrathfully above the haunts of men !
Oh, what a scene shall Morning's sun reveal ?

Horror, and desolation, and despair,
And silence, such as reigned within the camp
Of that Assyrian army, through whose tents
The Angel of The Lord in darkness walked !—

Weep !—for the wrath of God is over us !

ZAMRI.

A FRAGMENT.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE

EMPEROR

OF THE

EMPEROR

OF THE

EMPEROR

THE

A

ZAMRI.

A FRAGMENT.

HAST thou sailed on the summer sea
When its bosom lies in light?
And have the scenes of life to thee
Been as beautiful and bright
As the vallies of ocean, lovelily
Shining to court the sight?
To thee do I sing ;—'tis a tale of fear,
Of wonder and woe, that thou shalt hear !
To thee do I sing—for the happy should know,
And the proud should hear, the tales of woe !

Hast thou toiled through the desart with burning
 feet,
 Lips parched, and black, and broken with heat?
 Thine eye, deceived by a fleeting scene,
 Where the palm-tree grows, and the long grass green,
 Have the waves of dry sand, eddying near,
 With a voice like waters mocked thine ear?
 And has thy lot in life been placed
 'Mid scenes as wild, and lone, and waste?
 To thee do I sing—'tis a mournful lay,
 But 'twill while the Mourner's sorrows away!—

[The tale which the preceding lines were intended to introduce was never completed; and the fragment preserved is but a small part of what was written. I had attempted to describe the earlier scenes of Zamri's life, and his domestic happiness, till blasted by the murder of his son. In the lines which follow, Zamri continues the narrative from that event.]

* * * * *

* * * * *

“ I thought—what words can never speak !—

I felt—as never man before !—

I felt—till Feeling ceased to pain,

Till stupor froze my wearied brain,

Till frenzy's throes no more convulse,

Till the blood toiled through every pulse ;

Then—then there came, a burst of flame,

That filled my soul, that fired my frame—

Then spoke a voice within my breast,

A voice that would not be repress,—

It spoke, as with an angel's tone,—

REVENGE, it cried, REVENGE, alone !

“ REVENGE !”—I blest the sound !—in wrath,

By dark Kiderle's name, I swore,

That I would trace the ocean-path,

Would tread on every Christian shore ;

Nor toil, nor age, nor pain, nor sloth,

Should free me, (such my desperate oath,)

Till I should glut me with the gore

Of him, by whom my son had died ;
Then might my spirit, gratified,
Revenge and rest at length enjoy,
Nor mourn in vain my murdered boy :—
Foolish the oath !—mayhap 'twas worse—
But, Stranger, 'twas a father's curse !—

Straight onward sped I to the sea,—
The voice within was goading me—
The winds were loud—no pilot then
Would trust his bark to faithless seas,
But I,—who was alone 'mong men,—
Whose hopes were fled,—whose son was dead,—
With maniac hand the canvass spread,
Regardless, whether ocean's wave
In tumult to the tempest rave,
Or playful sport with gentle breeze,
And then—but tale of miseries
Mayhap no other breast will please

Than his who felt, and loves to tell

His chequered woes ; but, Son, thy gaze
Informs me, that thou lovest well

An old man's tale of youthful days.

“ As sad I roamed the desert deep,

I sank into a troubled sleep ;

A coldness hung upon my breast,—

It was not pain,—it was not rest,—

My eye was weary, and my hand

Too weak to raise the warrior-brand ;

Even though the wretch I sought were there,

Methinks I had been forced to spare ;

Phantoms of dread around me roll,

Dreams such as haunt the murderer's soul,

Hovering within the unholy tomb,

To vex him till the day of doom ;

And with an heart, more dark, more dread,

He cannot quit such lonely bed,

When the last trump his bonds hath broke,
Than from that dreary sleep I woke !

“ I know not if the eye saw true,
But more than nature met its view :—
Horror, Despair, Distraction, Death,
Shrieked frantic in the tempest's breath,—
Each image that before me rolled,
Was bloody—indistinct—and cold,
Like meteors, through a clouded sky,
In rapid rush they darted by !
Seen by the lightning's light, a form
Shone bright amid the darkening storm,—
Her eye-ball shed a lurid glare,
The wind, that rushed among her hair,
Left her dark cheek and forehead bare.
I viewed her eye's unquiet roll,
And Vengeance settled in my soul ;
Like Meina's maddening glance it shone,
When first she viewed her murdered son !—

“ The waves were blood—I saw the dead
Upon the burning waters tread,—
His pale hand crumbled in my hold,
The eye that fixed on mine was cold,
I felt his breath upon my cheek,
I heard his voice—one piercing shriek,
More dread than was his parting groan :—
I gazed—oh God ! I was alone !—
I loathed the loneliness that gave
Such close communion with the grave ;
The waves were calm, the winds assuaged,
Still in my soul their spirit raged,
Strange shadows fell from lowering clouds,
And spectres sighed amid the shrouds,
And every stir that met my ear
Along the ocean’s silence drear,
Would sound like tones that once were dear—
Such hours again I would not live,
For all Man seeks, or Heaven could give !—

“ In sleep I heard the lingering groan
Of him whose hand had slain my son,
In sleep I saw his life-blood spilt,—
Alas ! I woke, and felt the hilt
Of the bright sabre firmly grasped,
By my convulsive fingers clasped—
But—oh ! the blade was still unstained
Which late the murderer’s blood had drained,
As wandering fancy loved to deem,—
I doted on the dreadful dream.
'Tis strange the fearful joy I felt
As on such thoughts I darkly dwelt;
But when from visioned bliss awake,
Then was my bosom doomed to ache ;
I thought alone on prospects cross’d,
My slaughtered son, my consort lost,—
I thought on fortune’s sudden change,
And sighed and started for Revenge—

The frame, beneath some fiend's controul,
Shook in the tempest of the soul :—
The burning eye, that throbbed in pain,
As stern it gazed with steady strain,—
The ear, that mystic sounds would form
Mid rush of wave and roar of storm,
And fancy accents sad and strange
Along the ocean's weary range,—
All—in those dizzying hours of dread—
Seemed as though earth and heaven had fled
For ever, from the eye and ear,
That knew no objects but of fear :—
The sun, that stain'd the burning flood,
It rose in fire, it sank in blood—
The mist, that hurrying whirlwinds sweep,
Past, like a spectre o'er the deep—
—Like that red sun, that dusky cloud
Darkened and flamed my spirit proud !—

“ Yet were there moments too, when rest
Came calmly on my yielding breast,
'Twas sweet to roam o'er moonlight seas,
'Twas sweet to breathe the midnight breeze,
When not a sound the silence broke,
And not a stir the bosom woke,—
Was there no sound?—the waters flow,
And breathe a murmur sad and low,
And, from the convent on the rock,
Chimes the slow warning of the clock,
And, o'er the wave so bright and calm,
At times you hear the plaintive psalm,
And just can see the shadows dim
Of monks, who pour that measured hymn :
—My soul, though long untuned to bliss,
Mourned not 'mid such a scene as this !—
What odours breathe from every grove,
What thousand twinkling leaflets move,

What quivering shadows sportive play,
And o'er the water shift and stray!—
—I loved to mark the Pharos' light
Streak the blue wave with trembling white,
And gleam serene upon my bark,—
Like Hope, when all around was dark!
Then thoughts of former hours would roll
Faint through the darkness of my soul:
I dwelt upon my daughter's doom,
I saw her bright in beauty's bloom
Returning to her sire, to shine
And shed repose on his decline:
And in such hour, that son, whose fate
Hath made this bosom desolate,
Even him again I seemed to see
Burst from the tomb to life and me!

“ Strange fancies then would I conceive,
Such even as madness dotes to weave,

And I too loved the dear deceit,
It was so wild, so sad, so sweet,
Silence and utter solitude
Had soothed me to a pensive mood ;
Methought at length had ceased the strife,
The woes, the weariness of life,—
Methought the pang of death was o'er,
And I was journeying to the shore
Where gladness dwells for evermore ;
The boundless ocean seemed to me
The waters of eternity,
And glories from another sky
In distant prospect blest mine eye ;
A moment glowed the vision bright—
A moment—and again 'twas night !—

“ Thou, boy, art young, and yet some friend
Of thine may share the grave's cold sleep ;
Mayhap thou lovest alone to bend
Above his tomb and weep ;—

Or hast thou loved a form divine,
Whose hopes, whose heart, whose soul was thine?
Whose eye, whene'er thine met its view,
Beam'd, till the spirit sparkled through?
And has thy loved and loving bride
Left thee in loneliness, and died?—
—Deep may'st thou sigh, but can'st not know
The anguish of a father's woe:—
The camp, the field, the court, the bower,
Another smiling paramour,
And youth and years bring thee relief;
But think upon the restless grief
Of him, whose hopes were fix'd upon
A dearer self, an only son,
Whose hand should prop him on the brink,
Ere yet into the grave he sink,—
Whose arm—but it is pain to think!—
—Blame not such father, but his fate,
If he may seem too much to hate

The wretch, by whom he was undone,—
The infidel—who slew his son !—

“ And he *hath* fallen, and not in vain
I called on vengeance for the slain ;—
It was no common breeze, that sped
My bark along the ocean’s bed—
It was no dream, no erring thought,
A frantic father’s anguish wrought,—
'Twas Heaven that led my course aright,
And I was shadowed by its might ;
And I was summoned to obey
The guiding power that shaped my way !

“ The evening hour was still and soft,
The moon, unclouded, shone aloft,
And I was gazing on the Deep ;—
I watched the billows slowly creep—
I marked the varying colours, cast
O'er each, while mingling with the last,

The purple tinge, the emerald gleam,
Trembling and changing with the beam ;
—That gleam of green more steady grew,

The noiseless wave was still,
A deeper green !—a darker blue !—
—'Tis my native vale, that meets my view,

And the flow of my own blue rill,
And the shadowy groves are peeping through
The morning mists of the hill !

The scene is bright in the glow of the year,
And all is vivid to eye and ear ;—

I hear the stir of the breeze, that heaves
On the water the lily's recumbent leaves ;

The sky-lark's song, and the swallow's shriek,
And the music of winds in the caverned peak ;—

I see the swan sail calmly by,
And the ringlet formed by the falling fly,

The woodbines wreathing the coloured crag,
The lifted head of the antlered stag :—

E

Bayerische
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Light breezes wake the soft air, rife
With playful atoms of insect life ;—
Light breezes bend the head of the rose,
And scatter on earth the cistus' snows ;
The clouds and the mists are sailing by,
And fading fast in the blue of the sky ;
The streaks of coloured light, that shone
O'er the chambers of the east, are gone ;
The sunbeams fall, like a silent shower,
Through the stirring leaves of the budding bower,—
And, MEINA, before my eye thou art,
As when first thy loveliness fix'd my heart ;
With the wreath of roses my fingers wound,
Thy sunny locks, dear girl, are bound ;
Thy hand moves swift o'er the harp I strung,
Thy voice is busy with lays I sung—
Look up, dear girl, thy wanderer 's at home !—
—I looked for her glance, and I saw—the sea-foam ;
I saw once more that lovely scene,
But the cold blue water gushed between ;—

I gazed again with a searching eye,
But the dream of delight had for ever gone by :—
'Tis strange in those moments no sorrow woke,
No thought of my son the transport broke !

—“ Still was I musing on this scene,
When, lo ! an armed brigantine,
With sail outspread, and streamer flowing,
And oarsmen rapidly all rowing !—
I viewed her break the foamy main,
And, though I gazed and gazed again,
Methought it was my idle brain

Had shaped the phantom fair ;
And still I gazed, and still I thought
The creature strange that fancy wrought
Would fade away in air ;

More near approached the pirate bark,—
Its shadow fell more long and dark,—
They reached my little boat :—appalled,
On good Mohammed's name I called ;

Till then, while on my lonely way,
In sooth I had no heart to pray—
The steersman heard the name divine,
And blest him with th' unholy sign,
And smiled ;—I saw that sneer before,
When my son, sinking, writhed in gore,—
That moment o'er my spirit cross'd
The thoughts of all I loved and lost ;
—Oh ! I have seen the tyger crouch
To watch the pilgrim's grassy couch,
Have marked the burning eye-ball's glare
Ere yet he leaves his silent lair,—
Like him the captive ZAMRI lay,
With eye, that rested on his prey :—

“ Dark fell the night—and fierce and fast,
Through riven sail and crashing mast,
The lightning's hurrying arrows past—
—Yes ! Heaven's own lightning was my guide,
And Heaven's own strength my arm supplied,—

The wind was loud, the thunder pealed,
In prayer the frightened pilot kneeled ;—
—A sudden tide of passion gushed
Along my veins, and forth I rushed,—
Swift, as the lightning's winged dart,
The sabre's point was in his heart !

“ A moment undisturbed I stood,
And gazed in gladness on the blood ;—
They viewed in fear, but did not seize,
The avenger, standing o'er the slain ;
It seemed mine eye had power to freeze
The life that paused in every vein,
So chill each look, so hushed each breath,
Of those who saw that scene of death :—
And yet no stir :—I heard alone
One throbbing pulse, one deep-drawn groan,
Disturb the general hush ;

I saw one struggling heave of pain,
As bursting from the broken vein
 The rapid life-drops gush ;
I marked one effort, made to pray,
Or curse, die indistinct away,
As the lip, mocking at the will,
Shook, quivered, writhed, and then was still :—

—“ A moment, and mine eye was dim,—
 I did not see, I did not think,
But through each pulse and through each limb
 I felt my failing spirit shrink :
Yet all was hushed—one moment more
They seized the hand still hot with gore !—
—Ah ! senseless ones ! why seize this hand ?
 Will he for whom hath been untwined
 Each tie that linked him to his kind
Pause now to think on axe and brand ?
Think ye he stands to calculate
How best to 'scape the murderer's fate,

That thus ye wreathe your idle bands
Round moveless feet and passive hands?—

Thought ye the sight of sun or star,

Thought ye the breath and dew of heaven,

One added rapture could have given,

That thus in wrath ye flung me far

From all the scenes that can impart

Enjoyment to the untroubled heart?

Thought ye, when in your dungeon cast,

And lingering there companionless,

The long and weary hours I past

Abandoned tamely to distress?—

No ! I have listened to the breeze,

And heard the music of the seas,

And joyous echoed every sound

That swept my prison-house around—

—Yes !—if thou wilt, pronounce it madness—

Oft with my fettered feet I sprang,

Oft did I clash my chains in gladness,

Oft in delirious joy I sang—

My righted son was with me there,
And joy was in his eye and air,
Nor could I wish his fortune changed,
Whose death so deeply was avenged.
Why did ye fling me thus from light ?
Thought ye I cared for noon or night ?
—My prison hours were hours of joy,
Yet intercharged with agony—
Yes ! raptures rose like waves that reach
The proud rocks of some lonely beach,
Then ebb, and, when they cease to heave,
Oh, what a dreary waste they leave !—

“ How wildly then did passions rave !
The Moon of Madness ruled the wave—
—What bursts of splendour light the Deep,
What shadows o’er its surges sweep !—
—I cannot linger here, to tell

The tortures Man prepared for me,
The blood that stained my lonely cell,

The soul he vainly sought to quell,
That, when the body shrank and fell,
Groaned not amid the agony !—
I called for tortures—and I felt
Strange pleasure in the stripes they dealt ;—
In rage they struck—I loved to shew
With what calm scorn I bore the blow—
Still did they meanly spare this breath,
Lest suffering should be 'scap'd by death !

—“ Amid such shocks of outward strife,
Such dreams, each wilder than the past,
My brain with fearful visions rife,
My body worn, 'twas strange that life
Sank not beneath the weight at last !

* * * * *

* * * * *

The only he which brought me
I was when the body of the
Exhausted and weary the
I called for comfort—
Strange pleasure in the
Images for study—
With what other I have the
Still this they usually
Last and perhaps the
—“Amid such scenes of
Such things are
My brain with the
My body is weary
I am not without the weight of

THE
POET'S HAUNT.

'Tis beautiful indeed—through parted boughs
To see the moving clouds darken the sky,
To mark their many-shifting forms, and tints,
As slow they pass ; then see the lively blue
Pure, spotless, like the soul, that hath not known
Unworthy passions, or, if dimmed awhile,
Soon shines reclaimed ; 'tis sweet to view that rill
Stealing through moss-grown stones, so playfully,
As if it feared to soil one starry flower :—

How many a primrose-wreath along its bank
Might I now gather, but methinks the Fay,

Whose little urn supplies this sparkling stream,
Who flings the morning dew-drop on this rose,
Might shun the violated haunt, nor bid
The water as it drips from stone to stone,
Then flows continuous, 'till some gadding briar
Or wild-flower's tuft impede its onward course,
Speak to the ear with soft and pleasant voice,
Like broken music of some oft-heard song,
That in the lonely hour we fain would catch,
That blesses now, and now eludes the ear.—

How do I love to lie beneath the shade
Of this broad sycamore ! the spirit here,
That loves the song, oft lingers, when the soul
Lies in that doubtful mood, when thoughts, that pass
Across its moveless surface, leave no trace,
When Memory sleeps, and Feeling only wakes,
And we but learn from interrupted thought
That we had thought at all—then, not in vain,
Doth Nature breathe, and Nature's breath is song !

Thou dost not rightly worship POETRY,
To whom there is no music in the leaves
Rustling with ceaseless murmur, as the winds
Play through their boughs—if, when the thunders
 roar,

And the red lightnings roll in orbs of fire,
Or glance in arrowy flight, thou canst but feel
The throb of selfish fear—then seek some fane
More suited to such feelings, nor presume
To bow before the shrine of POETRY !
Does thy soul slumber, when the rising Lark
Pours all his spirit in the full-voiced song,
A hymn of worship at the eastern shrine
Of Day's ascending God ? And in thy heart
Wakes there no answering music of sweet thoughts
Of such strong power to steal thee from thyself,
That even the song of lark, the hum of bee,
All nature's harmonies of morning joy,
Seem, when thou wakest from the holy spell,
But fragments of thy broken meditations,

Or echoes to the minstrelsy within ?
If, in the silence of the noon-day hour,
Thou dost not own serenity of soul,
A spirit, that can love the quietude,
And brood in joy upon the thousand forms
That float unceasingly before its ken ;
If, when the robin warbles from her bough
The latest accents of adoring love
To yon fair star, that gilds the twilight trees,
Thou canst not give a moral to her song ;
If, when the moon sheds her still sober light
Upon this water, and deludes the eye
With shew of motion, there is in thy heart
No pulse of pleasure ;—hence, for ever hence,
Oh, shun this bank ! it is the POET'S HAUNT !

1814.

THE
EVERLASTING ROSE.

HAIL to thy hues ! thou lovely flower,
Still shed around thy soft perfume,
Still smile amid the wintry hour,
And boast even now a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasant dream,
Lone lingerer in the icy vale,
Of smiles, that hailed the morning beam,
And sighs more sweet for evening's gale !

Still are thy green leaves whispering
Low sounds, to fancy's ear that tell
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing
Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell !

In April's bower thy sweets are breathed,
And June beholds thy blossoms fair ;
In Autumn's chaplet thou art wreathed,
And round December's forehead bare.

With thee the graceful lily vied,
As summer breezes waved her head,
And now the snow-drop at thy side
Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,
That marks the seasons sad or gay ;
The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet flower ! how happy dost thou seem
'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost ;
While, gathering beauty from each beam,
No hue, no grace of thine is lost !

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er despair ;
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,
And cold Affliction's winter air.

Charmer, alike in lordly bower,
And in the hermit's cell she glows ;
The Poet's and the Lover's flower,
The bosom's EVERLASTING ROSE !

Feb. 1814.

HOME.

HAUNTS of my youthful days, though distant far,
My spirit is with you ! oh, I could weep,
Vexed with the jarrings of this noisy world,
To think upon thy deep tranquillity,
Mine own loved home ! the struggles and the strife
Of worthless ones, that sink into the heart,
Turned all its blood to poison !—I have thought
Of thee, and I am calm : thy trees arose
Brightening before mine eye : the pleasantness
That slumbers in thy vallies—the soft hues
That bathe thy sunny hills—all met my soul :
And lovelier far than Nature's outward forms,
The Spirit of Domestic Happiness :
The voice of her I loved was in my ear,

She smiled serenity, and I was calm.
Even now I am no more the man I was
When first I sate to meditate this song ;
For then the harsh rebuke, the bitter taunt,
(Most harsh when issuing from friendship's lips,)
Still vexed the ear, and sickened all the soul ;
Haunts of my childhood, now I think on you,
And thoughts and feelings gush along my heart,
Sweet as the music of my native stream !—
—Feelings more holy never, with the breeze
Of evening, stole into the spirit of him
Who plies his bark on Uri's lonely lake,
And meditates on Tell—the while he sees,
Darkening the wave beneath, the fane which speaks
The patriot's triumph, and his country's love :
The tear is on his cheek—his heart is full—
A brighter tinge hath lit his streaming eye,
With gentler sweep he draws the gliding oar,
Fearful to break those shadows on the wave,
Which wake such deep, such sacred sympathies !—

Haunts of my childhood, are ye still as fair
As when I wandered through each green recess?
Still does the soft breeze, with his idle breath,
Stirring at once a thousand twinkling leaves,
Utter neglected music?—does the cloud,
In whose dark womb the noon-day sun is hid,
Whose folds are lightly coloured with his beams,
Still hang as lovely in the silent sky?—
Is Nature still the same, although no more
An eye is there, to hold deep intercourse
With all her forms, although no heart is there
To feel her power and hymn her holiness?
Oft have I thought some bond of mighty strength
Had linked me in a strange identity
With outward accidents of Nature—oft,
Methought, some spell of more than human force
Had lulled to rest my individual self,
And that one soul inspired the scenes around,
The spacious sky—the universal air—
And him, who gazed in rapture on the sight!

And now in crowded city, oh, how strange,
How impious does this separation seem
From all I wish and love—even from myself!
—Yet have I oft-times held communion high
And holy with the absent scenery
That pleased me : oft, with spirit most intense,
I brooded, till within the silent soul
Was heard the flow of waters, and the stir
Of summer leaves—till every form I loved
Was with me—till I ceased to be alone.
Dear are such visions to the thinking soul,
And like in love, as in their nature like
To those fair forms, that having past from earth,
Return at twilight, and the musing man
Before whose eye they move, conceives their looks
Chastened, refined, and purified by Death !

Spirits, that oft on light and dewy wing
Hovered around the cradle of my childhood,
Touching the dreaming infant's cheek with smiles,

And, in the hours of my advancing age,
Have, with such music as the unseen lark
Oft sends into the morning traveller's soul,
Poured strains of more than earthly melody,
In calm and awful accents, to the heart,
Breathing along those inward chords that thrill
With unbid impulse to the poet's lay ;
—Spirits, ye have not yet deserted me !
Ye have not left me, darkly wandering,
Companionless, unguided in a world
I cannot mingle with ! conflicting men
May rudely throw me from their noisy converse,
Or stretch the hand of seeming brotherhood,
And mock me with their love—

Haunts of my youth,
YE will not mock me, and YE cannot change !

ELEGY.

OH breathe not—breathe not—sure 'twas something
holy—

Earth hath no sounds like these—again it passes
With a wild low voice, that slowly rolls away,
Leaving a silence not unmusical!—
And now again the wind-harp's frame hath felt
The spirit—like the organ's richest peal
Rolls the long murmur, and again it comes,
That wild low wailing voice.—

These sounds to me

Bear record of strange feelings—it was evening,
And this same instrument lay on my window,
That the sighing breezes there might visit it;—

I then did love to leave my lonely heart,
Like this soft harp, the plaything of each impulse,
The sport of every breath—I sate alone
Listening for many minutes—the sounds ceased,
Or, though unnoted by the idle ear,
Were mingling with my thoughts—I thought of one,
And she was of the dead—She stood before me,
With sweet sad smile, like the wan moon at mid-
night,

Smiling in silence on a world at rest—
—I rushed away—I mingled with the mirth
Of the noisy many—it is strange, that night,
With a light heart, with light and lively words,
I sported hours away, and yet there came
At times wild feelings—words will not express
them—

But it seemed, that a chill eye gazed upon my heart,
That a wan cheek, with sad smile, upbraided me;
I felt that mirth was but a mockery,
Yet I was mirthful.

I lay down to sleep—
I did not sleep—I could not choose but listen ;
For o'er the wind-harp's strings the spirit came
With that same sweet low voice. Yes ! thou mayest
smile ;

But I must think, my friend, as then I thought,
That the voice was her's, whose early death I mourned,
That she it was, who breathed those solemn notes,
Which like a spell possessed the soul.—

I lay
Wakeful, the prey of many feverish feelings,
My thoughts were of the dead !—at length I slept,
If it indeed were sleep.—She stood before me
In beauty—the wan smile had passed away—
The eye was bright—I could not bear its brightness.

Till now I knew not death was terrible,
For seldom did I dwell upon the thought,
And if, in some wild moment, Fancy shaped
A world of the departed, 'twas a scene

Most calm and cloudless, or, if clouds at times
Stained the blue quiet of the still soft sky,
They did not dim its charm, but suited well
The stillness of the scene, like thoughts that move
Silently o'er the soul, or linger there
Shedding a tender twilight pensiveness !

This is an idle song !—I cannot tell
What charms were her's who died.—I cannot tell
What grief is their's, whose spirits weep for her !—
Oh, many were the agonies of Prayer,
And many were the mockeries of Hope ;
And many a heart, that loved the weak delusion,
Looked forward for the rosy smiles of Health,
And many a rosy smile passed o'er that cheek
Which will not smile again—and the soft tinge
That often flushed across that fading face,
And made the stranger sigh, with friends would wake
A momentary hope—even the calm tone

With which she spoke of death, gave birth to
thoughts,

Weak, trembling thoughts, that the lip uttered not.—

—And when she spoke with those, whom most she
mourned

To leave, and when through clear calm tears the eye

Shone with unwonted light, oh, was there not

In its rich sparkle something, that forbade

The fear of death?—and when, in life's last days,

The same gay spirit, that in happier hours

Had characterized her countenance, still gleamed

On the sunk features—when such playful words,

As once could scatter gladness on all hearts,

Still trembled from the lip, and o'er the souls

Of those who listened shed a deeper gloom—

In hours of such most mournful gaiety,

Oh, was there not even then a lingering hope,

That flitted fearfully, like parent birds,

Fast fluttering o'er their desolated nest?

Mourn not for her who died!—she lived as saints
Might pray to live—she died as Christians die ;—
There was no earthward struggle of the heart,
No shuddering terror—no reluctant sigh—
They, who beheld her dying, fear not death !
Silently—silently the spoiler came,
As sleep steals o'er the senses, unperceived,
And the last thoughts, that soothed the waking soul,
Mingle with our sweet dreams.—Mourn not for her !

Oh, who art thou, that, with weak words of
comfort,
Would'st bid the mourner not to weep ?—would'st
win
The cheek of sorrow to a languid smile ?
Thou dost not know with what a pious love
Grief dwells upon the Dead !—thou dost not know
With what a holy zeal grief treasures up
All that recalls the past !—when the dim eye
Rolls objectless around, thou dost not know

What forms are floating o'er the mourner's soul !
Thou dost not know with what a soothing art
Grief, that rejects Man's idle consolations,
Makes to itself companionable friends,
Of all that charmed the Dead !—her Robin still
Seeks at the wonted pane his morning crumbs,
And surely, not less dear for the low sigh,
His visit wakes !—and the tame bird, who loved
To follow with gay wing her every step,
Who oft, in playful fits of mimicry,
Echoed her song, is dearer for her sake !—
The wind, that from the hawthorn's dewy blossoms
Brings fragrance, breathes of her !—the moral lay
That last she loved to hear, with deeper charm
Speaks to the spirit now—even these low notes,
Breathed o'er her grave, will sink into the soul,
A pensive song that memory will love
In pensive moments :—

Mourners, is there not
An angel that illumines the house of mourning ?

The Spirit of the Dead—a holy image,
Shrined in the soul—for ever beautiful,
Undimmed with earth—its tears—its weaknesses—
And changeless, as within the exile's heart
The picture of his country—*there* no clouds
Darken the hills—no tempest sweeps the vale,—
And the loved forms, he never more must meet,
Are with him in the vision, fair, as when,
Long years ago, they clasped his hands at parting !

1817.

ODE TO FANCY.

OH FANCY, hither bend thy flight,
 Hither steer thy car of light,
 Though its rainbow colours flee
 Ere they have shone a moment on my sight ;
 Come, FANCY, come, and bring with thee
 The light-winged forms of air, that glance
 Upon the Poet's dizzy view,
 Which, when he waketh from his rapturous trance,
 No effort can renew,

No tongue their beauty can declare,
No thought conceive how wondrous fair ;
Like the thin clouds, whose folds are drest
 With varying tints on summer eve,
Their hues are changed, before the breast
 Distinctly can receive
A settled thought of what they were,—
She knows alone that they were fair !

Oh, FANCY, let such forms delight
 Thy votary's longing eye ;
Or, if they may not meet my sight,
Come thou, though all the winds of night
 Around thy chariot fly ;
Come, though dark Horror come with thee,
 And the pale fiend, distracted Fear,
 Unfold to my congealing ear
His tale of mystery !
Yes ! I will listen while his breath
 Tells of the dagger, on whose blade

Still lingers the red stain of death,
Though long the day since Murder laid
Upon the dirk his desperate grasp,
And watched his victim's last faint gasp,
While, with unshivering hand, he prest
The dagger in the sleeper's breast ;
Yes ! I will hark, though Fear may tell,
In piercing tone, the tales of Hell—
Will listen, Fancy, if thy faintest gleam
Tinge the dark and dreadful theme !

FANCY, with thee I love to stray,
With thee would seek the dungeon's gloom,
Renounce for aye the visions gay
That Pleasure's tints illumine ;
Would listen to the owlet's cry,
Would hear the winds of winter sigh
Amid the leafless trees ;

Would hark the Spirit shrilly scream,
Would view the meteor's boding beam,
Would court thy most terrific dream

Till my heart's blood did freeze ;

Would lie the tremulous avalanche beneath,
Where the least pant is instant death ;

If thy rich visions swam before my eye ;

Would launch the light skiff, when the wild waves
sweep

Down Niagara's dizzying steep,

If thy angelic form was nigh,

If with thy hues the mountain-snows were bright,

If thou didst tinge the wave with thy rich lines of
light.

But sweeter, FANCY, is the trance,
When thy hues of splendour glance
On the dim and aching eye
That weeps in sad reality ;

Thy visions cheer the hapless breast,
That, braving in unequal strife
The dark and stormy sea of life,
Sighs for the haven of its rest ;
And as the star in heaven's blue cope
Sheds joy upon the sailor's soul,
So dost thou dart a ray of hope
Upon the mourner's heart ;
So does thy gentle art
The power of misery controul !
Though fortune o'er the scene may throw
The wintry cloud of want and woe,
Yet thou, Enchantress, thou canst fling
The tints of visionary spring
Upon thy votary's sight,
And paint in hues divinely bright
An after-season of delight.

What, though they say thy magic hand
Depicts the Future fair,

When suddenly the figures bland
 Fade into empty air,—
That thou bid'st the blood-streaked eye
Redden in feverish agony,—
Yet is the man thy woes oppress
Gifted with heightened happiness ;
In rapture's hour his heart will melt
With feelings by the throng unfelt !
'Tis his, in phantom-worlds to live,
'Mong joys, more dear than earth can give !
And his are arbours, rainbow-hued,
Where nought unholy may intrude !
His is an EDEN of delight,
For ever screened from vulgar sight !

The traveller thus, in Arab sands,
 Whose lips are parched, whose limbs are faint,
 Whose troubled thoughts for ever paint
The tyger's spring, the Bedouin bands,

Whose camel now, with faltering pace,
Strives the burning path to trace,
See in that wanderer's looks exprest
The hopeless anguish of his breast ;
—But now ! mark ! mark that start of joy—
Mark how he strains his swollen eye ;
He sees yon distant speck of green

Shine circled with the desart sea—

Mark, mark empictured in his mien

The flush of Hope, of Extacy :
The fall and flash of waters near
Delight the heart, and eye, and ear !
Now has his weary journey ceast,
And now he spreads his simple feast,
And, sheltered by th' o'er-arching palm,
Enjoys the spot so sweet, so calm !
Was ever bliss thus perfect known
In scenes, where Luxury alone
Had spread the silken couch of ease,
And fanned the air with pleasure's breeze ?

But chiefly on the Poet's mind
Thine influence is shed,
His eye expatiates unconfined
Upon thy vast expanse,
He views with kindling glance
Thy peopled scenes before him spread !
Then, FANCY, bid my page to gleam
With some faint colouring from thy beam ;
To thee the Poet's hopes belong,
Bid then thy light illumine my song !
I call thee by thy COLLINS' rage,
By thy WARTON's Gothic page,
By thy SPENSER's faerie slumbers,
By thy SHAKESPEARE's witching numbers ;—
Or, Spirit, if, with partial ear,
A later name thou lovest to hear,
Then be the spell thy SOUTHEY's lay ;—
Shed, FANCY, shed thy solemn ray !—
Oh, move me far from Mirth's vain folly,
To the haunts of Melancholy,

Where Echoes, at the close of day,
Do talk of empires past away ;—
Come, like the maid, that loves to weep
On lone Parnassus' misty steep ;

When, in the silent time of night,
She hovers o'er the Poet's sleep,
And mingles with his slumbers deep,

Dreams of indefinite delight,
That float with morning's gale along,
Or live but in the breath of song !—

—Then shall I view the air around,

Haunted by many a spectral form,
Shall hear the boding Spirit sound,

Amid the howlings of the storm :
Shall listen to the night-bird's cry,

And tremble at its prophecy ;

And, as the meteor's beams appal,

Behold the coming funeral,

Or view the ancient chieftain's lance
With momentary lustre glance,
As sitting in his cloudy car
He thinks upon his days of war !

—And, when the moon, at middle night,
With mild and melancholy ray,
Streams over earth a sweeter light,
Than ever soothed the flaunting Day,
Pale mourner ! I can half believe,
That she for human woes doth grieve,
Or, (for such dreams soon disappear,)
When thoughts more playful hover near,
May deem her snowy splendour shed
Upon the moat's moss-covered bed,
To gild the dance of gentle fays,
Who sport beneath the holy blaze ;—
—Then shall the thoughts of other times
Rouse me to try adventurous rhymes,

And to the harp's deep music chaunt,
The story of some old romaunt ;
Thus my rapt soul, with Gothic glories fraught,
In FANCY's bower shall muse and court Poetic
Thought.

1813.

SOLITUDE.

OH, what a lovely silent spot !

'Mid such a scene the eremite would hope
To build his lowly cot,

Just where with easy slope

The wooded mountain bends,

Where the clear rill descends,

Now hid the jutting rocks beneath,

Now faintly sparkling on the eye,

Itself concealed, its course we now descry

By the long grass and blossomy heath,

By the cowslip's saffron hue,
By the violet's clouded blue,
Beside its fostering bed
In waste profusion spread ;
Its widening wave at distance now we hail,
When, bright and blue, and broad, it rolls along the
vale.

—At Spring's return the earth is glad,
And yet to me, at this lone hour,
The wood-dove's note, from yonder natural bower,
Though winning sweet, is sad ;—
Calmly the cool wind heaves
The elm's broad boughs, whose shadows seem
Like some deep vault below the stream :
—The melancholy beech still grieves
As in the scattering gale are shed
Her red and wrinkled leaves :—
And there is sadness in the tone
Of the Robin, that alone
Sings, as mourning o'er the dead,

From the yew, whose branches wave
Heavily above the grave,
The soft sweet notes, low-warbled o'er the tomb,
Soothe, while they make me mourn, are sad, yet
free from gloom!

In such a scene, when all around
Wakes in the breast the Poet's flame,
Whose glories shall the harp with warmth resound?

SPIRIT, whate'er thy name,
That, when no noisy cares intrude,
Dost breathe 'mid nature's quietude,

Bidding its charms with new-born lustre shine,
Who givest to earth a livelier hue,
To midnight skies a deeper blue,

SPIRIT, no other hymn than thine
Shall tremble from the *Clarshec's frame,
Whose strings, neglected long,
Again shall echo to the song,

* The Irish Harp.

Shall hail the inspiring nymph, whose holy power
Bids wisdom and delight to bless the lonely hour.

—See where, most mild, most sad,

The Goddess, on her mountain throne
Of rocks, with many-coloured lichens clad,
Is soothed by gurgling waters near,
Or song of sky-lark wild and clear,

Or music's mellow tone :

The scarce-heard hum of distant strife

Breaks not the consecrated rest,

The sabbath quiet of that breast,

Unruffled by the woes, above the mirth of life ;

Awful thoughts for ever roll,

Shadowing the silent soul,

Like the twilight tall rocks throw

Far into the vale below :—

Here GENIUS, in fantastic trance,

Enjoys his wildest reverie,

Or pores with serious eye

Upon some old romance,
Till all the pomp of chivalry,
The visor quaint of armed knight,
The princely dame, the tourney bright,
Are present to his glance :—
And FANCY here delights to stray,
And shed around her smiles serene,
Not those alone that for the Poet play,—
Too grandly, too divinely bright,
They pain with luxury of light !
Here she exerts a gentler sway,
And gives to Happiness the tranquil scene ;
She breathes with soft controul
An holy sense of sobered joy,
And sorrows, that no more annoy,
Are pleasant to the soul :—
The breast that throbbed before too much
At Sorrow's wound, at Pleasure's touch,
Indulging here in calm repose,
No change of shifting passions knows ;

Thus when the winds with wanton play
Among the Alder's branches stray,

The twinkling leaves are seen
Give to the light their lively gray,

But when the breezes die away,

They smile in softest green :—

Oft, in that quiet silence of the breast,

When passions pause, and all is peace within,
Feelings awake, and thoughts that will not rest

Of Heaven and Man,—of Holiness and Sin ;—
Like thunders, o'er the evening vale that roll,

There comes a voice of more than mortal birth,

Its accents are not of the earth—

'Tis GOD that speaketh to the SOUL !

Who hath not felt, in some lone hour,

Feelings, sublimely sad,

Steal o'er his spirit with resistless power ?

Go seek that man among the Bad,

Go seek him where the heartless throng
In worse than mirth the hours prolong !—
Yet will there come an hour to him,

When anguish in his breast shall wake,
And that bright eye-ball—weak and dim,
Gazing on former days shall ache ;—
When Solitude bids visions drear
Of raptures, now no longer dear,
In gloomy ghastliness appear—
When thoughts arise of errors past—
Of prospects foully overcast—
Of Passion's unresisted rage—
Of Youth, that thought not upon Age—
Of earthly hopes, too fondly nurst,
That caught the giddy eye at first,
But like the flowers of Syrian sands,
That crumbled in the closing hands.
—Blame not the silent monitress
That thus the bosom would address—

—Blame not the Guardian Spirit sent
To call the guilty to repent—
Oh blame not her, whose holy breath
Inspires with hopes from heaven the soul that starts
at death !

Are we indeed in solitude alone ?
Are there not spirits hovering near
The lonely mind to cheer,
And breathe into the heart a holy tone ?
Hath not the Poet heard, with ear entranced,
As, by some devious stream,
He lay in strange romantic dream,
Hath not he heard his harp faint-echoing,
As if an angel's hand had glanced
Along its every string ?
Have not the Dead, in such an hour as this,
Bent from their homes of bliss
To tell the mourner that they do not sleep

Within the grave's unbroken gloom,

The damp, dull silence of the tomb,

Oh come they not from heaven to soothe the
hearts that weep?—

Say, are we then alone in solitude?

In Night's mid hour, when all around is still,
When hushed is every passion rude

What awful reveries the bosom fill!

In such an hour the Prophet's tone hath woke

On Mortal's hallowed lips, and on the eye
Visions of other days have broke

Of days, that slumber yet in deep futurity;
Such sights and sounds as met his eye and ear,
When slept in Patmos' isle the solitary Seer.

Say not, that it is solitude,
When stands in loneliness the Good
Amid surrounding enemies—
When Pain, and Woe, and Malice rise,

When Tyranny hath fixed his fate,
Even then, in that eventful hour
Shall Virtue triumph most, and Power
Shall envy him she still must hate!
—Was there when fearless Sidney fell,
No angel form to guard his cell?
And when around the tyrant's throne,
The courtly sons of flattery stood,
Oh, saw ye then their pomp alone?—
Dwelt not his ear on Sidney's groan?
Gazed not his eye on Sidney's blood?—
Oh heard he not—though music's breath,
Though rapture's voice his soul address—
Oh heard he not a voice of death,
And all was loneliness—
But Sidney, there were those who stood
Around to guard thy solitude;
And, martyr, these were thoughts of healing,
That on thy wounded spirit gleam,

And many a proud and patriot feeling,
Is mingling with thy dream ;
Angelic hosts surround thee, and forbid
The dew of selfish fear thine eye to cloud,
Unseen they stand, as when, his foes amid,
Elisha woke, and seemed to Man's weak gaze
Alone, till bursting from the tempest's shroud,
With cars and arms of fire his seraph guardians
blaze.*

Oh thou, whose influence breathes through Solitude,
SPIRIT, whate'er thy name,
With all thy warmth inflame
A breast that long in no unholy mood,
The loveliness of Nature's charms hath wooed ;
Long with no idle gaze my eye hath viewed
The beauteous scene of earth, and air, and sky,
But Wisdom lives in all that I descry ;—

* II Kings, chap. vi. verses 15—17.

All that I hear is speaking to my breast,
The thunder's crash, the lark's enlivening lay,
All Nature's sights and sounds, or sad or gay,
Dwell in my soul indelibly imprest :
Even now the view of yonder ruinous tower,
Whose fissured walls admit the moon's cold
beams,
Sheds on my bosom melancholy dreams,
Most suited to the sober hour,—
Mine eye beholds those early days,
When shining in the pride of Power,
They burst upon the gaze ;—
But soon, like Man, the turret falls,
The pilgrim mourns beneath its walls,
Sees o'er its strength the wild-flower rise,
Hears from its heights the night-bird's cries,
And musing sadly, learns to scan
The vice and vanity of Man ;—
But from this lonely dream of earth,
What feelings spring to sudden birth ;

No more the pilgrim looks beneath,
For him new hopes, new raptures breathe,
The soul beholds new worlds before its rise,
Feels its own powers, and communes with the skies !

1814.

SONNET.

OH, deem not, though her spirit hath defied
 Scandal, and Scorn, the taunts of lying lips,
 That Pride hath clouded it with stern eclipse :—
 —The stream reflects the wild-flower on his side,
 Dimples serenely, as the swallow dips
 An idle wing, but, mocking at the force
 That would restrain him from his own free course,
 Rolls on rejoicingly in tranquil pride ;
 And thus shall she rejoice of whom I speak,
 Who listens heedless to the slanderer's voice,
 Feelings subdued—a heart resigned and meek
 —The eye of Heaven that smiles upon her
 choice—
 That inward peace, which all shall find, who seek,—
 These are her gifts, and shall she not rejoice ?

1816.

SONNET.

WELL ! with what art we labour to deceive
Our hearts, and nurse vain phantasies of Hope,
And swelling thoughts, that have no certain
scope,
What textures of enchantment do we weave,
What visions form, that we must disbelieve,
When first we cease to sit beneath the cope
Of Fancy, and behold our brethren grope
Through woes, that living man can never leave !
Oft have I sate in utter loneliness,
And dreamed a dream, for earth too passing fair,
The visioned scene I vainly could express,
I only know, that, Clara, thou wert there !
Oh ! years have past since first this dream was sweet,
And years must pass, ere it can be complete !

1814.

SONNET.

AND must I perish thus?—a nameless tomb
 Where few shall weep :—some days of writhing
 pain,
 Ere yet I sink :—some hopes that still remain,
 Though Reason mock at them :—is this my doom?—
 Oft have I sate in silence—then the mind
 Was busy, and its images serene
 Seemed some dim outlines of the future, seen
 In the deep distance, shadowy, undefined :
 Then did I weep in very weariness
 Of Earth, and wished, how longingly ! to leave
 This cheerless world, and having ceased to grieve,
 For ever dwell in realms of blessedness !
 Heaven hears the prayer, and hastes the boon to give,
 The wasting victim sighs and prays—to live !—

SONNET.

IF I might chuse, where my tired limbs shall lie
When my task here is done, the Oak's green crest
Shall rise above my grave—a little mound
Raised in some cheerful village-cemetery—
And I could wish, that, with unceasing sound,
A lonely mountain rill was murmuring by—
In music—through the long soft twilight hours ;—
And let the hand of her, whom I love best,
Plant round the bright green grave those fragrant
flowers,
In whose deep bells the wild-bee loves to rest—
And should the robin, from some neighbouring tree,
Pour that dear song of her's—oh, softly tread,
For sure, if aught of Earth can soothe the Dead,
He still must love that pensive melody !

1815.

BALLAD.*

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow ;

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender ;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

* The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition is in Ireland, which attributes most instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing :

I sat alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying ;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning :

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone to God,
And his mother soon will follow !

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chaunted meetly,
And I will sleep with my little boy
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

1816.

THE
DIRGE OF DARGO.

(From the Gaelic.) *hisk*

[The original, of which I know nothing, is, I am told, printed in Doctor Smith's "Gaelic Poems." The present imitation is from a literal translation by a friend.]

CHORUS.

LIKE the oak of the vale was thy strength and thy
height,
Thy foot, like the erne* of the mountain in flight;
Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce breath,
Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was death!—

* Eagle.

Alas ! how soon the thin cold cloud
The hero's bloody limbs must shroud !
And who shall tell his sire the tale !
And who shall soothe his widow's wail !
—I see thy father full of days ;
For thy return behold him gaze ;
The hand that rests upon the spear
Trembles in feebleness and fear—
He shudders, and his bald gray brow
Is shaking like the aspen-bough,
He gazes, till his dim eyes fail
With gazing on the fancied sail ;—
Anxious he looks—what sudden streak
Flits like a sunbeam o'er his cheek !
—“ Joy, joy, my child, it is the bark
That bounds on yonder billow dark !”—
His child looks forth with straining eye,
And sees—the light cloud sailing by—
—His gray head shakes ;—how sad, how weak
That sigh !—how sorrowful that cheek !—

Thy Bride—thy beloved, is smiling in sleep,
She thinks on her love in the visions of night,
She welcomes her wanderer home from the deep,
And her Dargo she folds in the arms of delight ;
Alas ! is the dream of Cremina untrue ?
The lord of her bosom no more shall she view ;
The beam of his valour hath darkened and died,
And Erin beheld how he perished in pride !

His Bride from her slumbers will waken and weep,
But when shall the hero arouse him from sleep ?
The yell of the stag-hound—the clash of the spear,
May ring o'er his tomb,—but the dead will not hear ;
Once he wielded the sword, once he cheered to the
hound,
But his pleasures are past, and his slumber is sound ;
—Await not his coming, ye sons of the chace,
Day dawns !—but it nerves not the dead for the race ;
—Await not his coming, ye sons of the spear,
The war-song ye sing—but the dead will not hear !

Oh, blessing be with him who sleeps in the grave,
The leader of Lochlin ! the young and the brave !—
On earth didst thou scatter the strength of our foes,
—Then blessing be thine in thy cloud of repose !

CHORUS.

Like the oak of the vale was thy strength and thy
height,

Thy foot, like the erne of the mountain in flight ;

Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce breath,

Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was death !—

THE HARP.

ADDRESSED TO CLARA.

CLARA, hast thou not often seen, and smiled,
A rosy child,
Deeming that none were near,
Touch, with a trembling hand,
Some fine-toned instrument,
Then gaze with sparkling eye, as on her ear
The murmurs died, like gales, that, having fanned
Soft summer flowers, sink spent ;
Half-fearing, still she lingers,
Till o'er the strings again she flings
Less tremblingly her fingers !—

But if a stranger eye
The timid sport should spy,
Oh then, with pulses wild,
This rosy child
Will throb, and fly,
Turn pale and tremble, tremble and turn red,
And in thy bosom hide her head !

—Even thus the HARP to me
Hath been a play-thing strange,
A thing of fear, of wonder, and of glee,
Yet would I not exchange
This light Harp's simple gear, for all that Man holds
dear ;
And should the stranger's ear its tones regardless
hear,
It still is sweet to *thee* !

MATILDA'S DREAM.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE—*A Terrace overlooking the Gardens of a Convent*—MATILDA and BERTHA in conversation.

MATILDA.

THEY say, that, with a voice of prophecy,
 Dreams to the spirit speak—mysterious friends
 Breathing wise counsel!—yet 'tis hard, methinks,
 Aught to conjecture from the cloudy shapings
 Of feverish fancy!—still the thoughts, that thronged
 To form my last night's dark tempestuous dreams,
 Pursue me into daylight,—still they press
 Upon my spirit with a leadlike weight,—

Phantoms still swim in mist before my eye,
With many an image visioned indistinctly !
I stood, methought, within our convent chapel,
And there was shew of alb, and thuribule—
And there was song, and solemn sound of organ,
And mystic prayers chaunted in solemn wise—
And I was listening—as I love to listen
To the wild voices of the evening winds—
Thoughtlessly, or with thoughts that pass away
Unnoted ;—and I gazed upon the scene,—
Even as I gaze upon our pictured windows,
When the soft moonlight o'er the coloured glass
Sheds its pale pearly rays !—but then there came
A thought that long lay burthening my soul—
And I did utter it—and, while I spoke,
Methought that those around were mocking me !
The earth was rocking round me—and I stood
Shuddering beside a dizzy precipice—
A chasm—on whose dark sides, long tongues of light
Were darting from a hissing bed beneath,

That rolled in waves of many-coloured fire—
And then a demon came, and bore me with him,
And we did wander by the wan moon's beams,
Onward and onward—a drear length of way—
My brain was sick and dry, and my heart crumbled
Like dust—I stood upon a field of battle,
And listened to the voices of the dying
As the cold winds blew on their freezing wounds—
On many a broken helm the moonlight gleamed,
And many a shieldless warrior, o'er whose limbs
The trembling hand of love had linked the mail—
I wandered on, and gazed on many faces,
But all were dead!—I wandered on, and sickened
To see the raven sailing heavily
Above the field of blood—and as I past,
I started to behold an armed man
Rise from the field, and wave a bloody banner,
Shouting as if for victory—then fall—
And there was one, who sate upon a corpse
And told his beads, and with the groans of death

The Virgin's name was mingled—as I past,
He gazed upon me with his ghastly eye,
And called me by my name—and then fell back
In life's last agony.—

Then changed the scene,
Not suddenly—the objects rolled away,
And yet it seemed to me they were not gone,—
Still did they vanish—still did they return,
—Like shade and sunlight, on an autumn eve,
Chasing each other o'er a mountain slope—
I woke in fear, and with numbed fingers strove
Vainly to tell my beads—my heart beat fast—
I heard my burning temples as they throbbed—
All round me lay in ghastly midnight silence ;—
—Sleep came to my relief with pleasant dreams—
Still seem I to behold what then I saw,
The white walls of a cottage in the sunlight,
And o'er the roof, with green leaves fluttering,
A broad elm spread its boughs—and small birds there
Were singing pleasantly—up the white walls

The jasmine climbed, and o'er the doorway's arch
Hung like a garland—how the swallow's wing
Glanced sportively in never-ceasing flight !
And oh how pleasant to the heart the sound
Of the bee's murmuring winglets, like the voice
Of cheerful maiden, on an april morn,
Humming, beside her wheel, a rustic song !—
All—all was happy there—before the porch
Were children, with their round and rosy faces
All mirth—and they did run and call me, mother !
And then—but, Bertha, then that dreary bell
Rung out, and broke the spell that held my spirit,
Scattering in air my dream of fairy land.

BERTHA.

Oh, speak not of a scene in fairy land,
But rather let me hope, in some calm vale
Of earth, where Guilt comes never, Sorrow seldom !
Thou dost not know the world, whose joys are flung

Thus blindly from thee—think what smiling eyes
Will sparkle with the pleasure caught from thine !
Come—let me paint thee with those dark bright eyes,
And cheek, which, though its hue be pale, will soon
Speak not of grief, but deep tranquillity !—
—Matilda, this is not the scene for thee,—
But I must plead in thine own wayward language,
And win at least a smile of half assent ;—
Let the dull yew, the melancholy elder,
Live in the churchyard gloom—let the rank ivy
Fling from the lonely wall its sullen twilight,
But who, amid such scenes, would wish the vine ?
—Beautiful tree !—along the cottage walls
Its purple clusters hang—with far-stretched hand
The smiling infant seeks the tempting sweet,
And the tired traveller, faint with the hot sun,
Blesses the loaded bough—alas ! thy smile
(—It was not such a smile I hoped to win—)
Speaks sadness, more than tears express—tears rush,
And sorrow, while we weep, dissolves away !—

But a pale smile upon a placid cheek
Silently tells of hopeless—changeless—grief!—

MATILDA.

Oh ! think not that I mourn the lonely doom
That hath been destined for me—oft, indeed,
Visions of more than beauty float before
Mine eye, and I will gaze and gaze upon them,
But with such feelings, as the bride beholds
Her father's house, when she abandons it
With him, whom she hath loved from infancy !—
But with such feelings, as the hunter owns,
When from some Alpine steep he gazes down
Through cold chasms of a rifted cloud, and sees
Cities, and seats of men—far, far below,
With black gulfs rolling billowy between—
Mayhap, while gazing on the prospect, tinged
With the rising sun, the lonely man will sigh,
And then with not less eagerness pursue
The solitary toil he loves.

BERTHA.

Matilda,
Thou lovest too well the mockeries of fancy !
This is what makes me grieve—thy lovely spirit
Sheds o'er each scene its own rich colouring—
Even these damp walls, that, when I first came hither,
Did frown with such blank silence, will assume
At times a cheerful aspect—it were strange
If I loved not thy favourite walk—the lark
Flies not less lightly o'er its jealous bounds,
Than my heart dances, when I meet thee here !
Yet this, Matilda—this doth make me grieve !—
Thou lovest too well the mockeries of fancy !—
Some vague conceit—some loose analogy—
The shadow of a cloud—a lonely flower—
The stirring of a moonbeam on the waters—
Will fix thy fate for ever—but the heart
Will wake, ere long, from the delusive dream,
To curse Imagination's hollow vaunts !—

MATILDA.

This, Bertha—this, from thee!—I wondered not,
When from the dull of heart, and cold of spirit,
I heard such bodings ;—why must thou, too, mock
me?—

Mine is a lonely doom—but it is doomed!—
And who hath told thee, that I am not happy?
When hast thou seen me weep? do I not smile,
Even now, at thy strange warnings?—if I were
As weak as thou dost deem, it sure were harsh
To mock at such distemper—when the maniac
Weaves for his brow an idle wreath of flowers,
And rears his gyved arm in regal pride,
Wisdom most surely doth not mock the pageant!—
If, when the clouds of eve lie slumberingly,
Like a hushed forest in some distant world,
I gaze upon them, till my spirit builds
A bower, where it may rest ;—soon, very soon,
Its hues will vanish in the thick black night—

—There wanteth not the cold breath of a friend,
To dissipate the phantoms that I love !

BERTHA.

Matilda ! is this kind ?—thou dost not know me—
Thou wilt not know me—when will friends believe,
Undoubtingly, the language of their friends ?—
Ere this, Matilda, I have wept for thee
In sorrow, not in anger—thou wilt grieve,
To think how thou hast wronged me !

[*Exit* BERTHA.]

MATILDA—[*After a pause of some minutes.*]

Excellent girl !—
Proud heart, but kind !—lively and quick to anger,
But most affectionate !—how could I wound thee ?
—But, thus it is, I cannot have a friend,
One, who will bear with my most wayward temper—
Even Bertha shrinks from me—I've lost 'em all—
I've lost 'em by neglect of some dull form,

By absence of some cold civility,
Some phrase, ill-understood, or idly echoed
By those who watch the wanderings of the eye,
The casual changes of the vacant features,
And think, sage reasoners, that they read the mind!—
—Well, it were weak to mourn ;—this loneliness
Best suits my lot :—my home, henceforth, must be
The narrow cell, whose solitary floor
Shall seldom echo other step than mine !
'Twould ill beseem the veiled maid, to sigh
For earth, or its enjoyments—and the world,
That, ere the grave is closed, forgets the dead,
Will never waste a thought upon the absent !
The world !—oh, why should I still haunt its walks ?
I love it not !—I seek it not !—their hearts
Are not as mine !—my woes must be my own !—
I ask not pity—cannot suffer sympathy
Of flatterers, who watch the countenance,
That they may know when it is fit to smile,—
To echo, or anticipate the sigh—

Creatures, who prey upon the heart they mock,
Who watch its writhings, careless of the pangs
Their victim feels—who view the throbbing pulse,
And coldly calculate how long it beats
When life is gone—for breathing is not life!—
To be—to breathe—to live, as worldlings live,
—To wear a mask, and therefore be named wise!—
To throw your bosom open to the world,
That they may learn more safely where to stab you,
Then gibe, and call you maniac or fool!—
—Oh, better, better is this dreary scene—
These floors that echo back the measured step,
As the pale votaress walks above the vaults
Where the dead lie!—oh, better 'tis to muse,
In twilight gloom, beneath the elder's shade,
Where the wreathed trunk affords no second seat,—
How many a lonely night have I sate there,
Watching the clouds, and shaping dreams as wild
As the sick mind can fancy in their changes!

The following beautiful Lines are extracted from
the "*Amulet*" for the present year:—

"A DREAM REMEMBERED IN A DREAM."

Mine was a dream of strange delight,
And scarcely vanished with the night.

Methought a voice was leading me
Thro' dusk walks of a lonesome wood,
A dedicated solitude—

A voice that was a mystery;
Like the voices faint and mild
We have heard, and evermore
Seem in Sabbath hours to hear,
When the heart, half reconciled
To the losses we deplore,
Meets again with love and fear—
Fear subdued and love chastised,
The dead, till death too little prized.
When they, for whom we did not live,
In Heaven still love us, still forgive;
And voices to the heart are brought
Again in dreams, and dream-like thought!

On wondered we, in vision vague,
Above the trembling line of Maige.

What wonder if the pleasant voice,
The leading music of my dream,
Changed as we glided by the stream,
And seemed to murmur and rejoice
As, sparkling in the moonlight, smiled
The stream that sooth'd me when a child?

And then uprose, like fairy throngs,
A crowd of fancies, fugitive;
Such forms as for a moment live
In seeming life, and glance and give
Their beauty to the eye, revealing
A charm, that is a thought, a feeling,
A something, like the odour left
Where the loose Wind's pleasant theft
O'er a bank, with May-dews wet,
Stirs the wakeful violet;
Fancies that are the soul of love,
Like the breathing from above,

That is felt and that belongs
To one minstrel, only one—
To the song of many songs,
To the song of Solomon!—

Dusk night, though dark, how beautiful!
Thine the consoling sounds, that lull
Men happy or unfortunate—

Raise up the sad, calm the elate,
And thine o'er all alike to sweep
The curtain of mysterious sleep—
And thine, while in the cloud we lie,
The sights unseen by waking eye;
The heaven that in a moment seems
Before us, in the spell of dreams!—

Whose was the voice that led me on?
Who walked with me that ancient wood?
The voice, *her* voice—her very tone!
Her unforgotten words renewed—
The radiant eyes—the folded hair—
The lips—the love reposing there—
Day wakes me from the conscious trance,
And yet before my eyes I trace
The lines of that beloved face,
And that transfigured countenance!

ANSTER.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN.

THE FIRST PART

OF THE HISTORY

(FROM S. E. W. VON SASSEN.)

MEMORY.

1.

ON YOU I think, while lingering far away
From all I love, till streams the eye with tears,—
The fields are full of life—the groves are gay
And green!—and Spring in all her charms appears.

2.

ON YOU I think! when, by the silent shore,
Memory recalls whate'er was dear to me!
As shuddering I stray, where moonbeams hoar
Scatter their silvery light o'er sand and sea.

3.

On you I think, when, where the alders fringe
The stream, I view their shadows pictured fair,
I gaze on clouds that evening colours tinge,
And the heart whispers, shall I meet you there?

4.

On you I think!—unloved, abandoned, lone,
'Mong dreary scenes that cannot give relief,—
And when, at evening grey, in proud saloon
I mourn, and worldlings dream not of my woe!

(FROM KLOPSTOCK.)

TO EBERT.

EBERT, a dark and melancholy thought
 Hath seized me ;—vainly o'er the sparkling wine
 Thou bidd'st me cherish happier images ;—
 I must away, and weep,—and haply tears
 Will bring relief, and I will weep away
 All sadness !—soothing tears !—how merciful—
 How wise is heaven !—companions of man's grief,
 Tears, soothing tears are given !—oh say could man
 Unblest with tears, unprivileged to weep
 His miseries, endure life's weary weight ?
 I must away and weep !—this mournful thought—

Weighs on my heart, and still oppresses me ;—
EBERT—a moment dwell upon the thought—
Our friends—suppose them dead—the quiet grave
Covering all—a silent sanctuary ;—
And we,—alone on earth,—abandoned here,—
Of all that once we loved the sad survivors !—
Art thou not dumb with fear ?—does not thine eye
Glance timid round, then gaze in fixed trance
As though the soul had fled ?—thus my sight died
Away, thus trembled I, when the dread thought
First thundered on my soul :—

Red beam of heaven,
That, when the wanderer on his homeward road
Thinks of the joys that wait him,—of his son
Elate in youthful strength, the blooming cheek
Of his daughter, when already Fancy gives
His wife's embrace,—red beam of heaven, thou
comest,
In silence thou dost smite, and slay, and wither
The wanderer's bones to dust, then triumphing

Dost seek the heights of heaven,—thus flash'd the
thought

Upon my shuddering spirit, and my eye
Swam round in darkness, and my failing knees
Shivered and sank ;—in the silence of the night
I saw the vision of the dead,—I saw
All pass away ;—in the silence of the night
I saw the open graves of all my friends !—

When GISEKE'S mild eye no longer smiles ;—
When, worthy CRAMER, thou shalt fade remov'd
From thy lov'd RADIKIN ;—when GÆRTNER dies ;—
And RABENER'S voice Socratic breathes no more ;—
When every string in princely GELLERT'S heart
Hath stilled its music ;—when beyond the grave
Kind-hearted ROTHE seeks his old companions ;—
When SCHLEGEL'S mourning friends no more receive
Memorials of the exile's changeless love ;—
And when in SCHMIDT'S embrace my eye no more
Utters in tears the language of the heart ;—

When HAGEDORN—our father HAGEDORN—
Sleeps the last sleep,—what EBERT are we then?—
Coheirs of pain, whom sad fatality
Condemns to linger here.—A darker thought
Shadows my soul—should one of us then die,
And one yet hang on earth, and should I be
That one,—should she too pass into the grave
Whom yet I know not, but whose love shall bless
Long years of after-life, and gilds even now
Many a lone hour,—should she too pass away
Into the grave,—and I be all alone,
A lingerer on earth without a friend,—
Wilt thou, my soul, thou, who wert form'd for friend-
ship,
Behold those desert days, and yet retain
Thy faculties and feelings? or benumb'd,
Wilt thou forget the past, and slumber on
In sullen apathy?—but should'st thou wake
To feel thy wants, undying suffering spirit,

But should'st thou wake, then from the grave call back
The image of my friend, and it will soothe me !

Graves of the Dead ! beds where my friends repose,
Why are ye separate ? why lie ye not
Together in one valley or deep grove ?
—Oh who will lead the lonely gray old man,
For I would wander on with tottering step
To plant on every grave a cypress tree,
And tend, for after years, the mournful shrub,
Too young as yet from summer suns to screen
The lonely mound—in the silence of the night
Oft will I see the spirits of my friends
Upon the stirring boughs—in some such hour
Will tremble, gaze on heaven, and weep, and die !—
—Oh bury then the Dead beside the grave
Near which he died ; thou, mouldering earth receive
My tears, and me !—

Hence, melancholy dream,
Oh cease to roll like thunder through the heart,
Dreadful, as Judgment ;—as Eternity
Awful :—Dark images away—the soul
No longer can support the stunning thought.

(FROM HALLER.)

ETERNITY.

A FRAGMENT.

YE forests, wastes of melancholy pines !}

Dark, as the darkness of the tomb,—
Through whose cold depths no straggling sunbeam
shines ;

Ye hollow rocks, within whose womb
The screams of many an evil-omened bird,
Mixed with the sound of beating wings is heard !
And ye, dull streams, whose waters idly feed
Sands desolate, and blasted mead :—

Scenes of damp horror, o'er my spirit breathe

The drear solemnity of death !

Cloud with your presence my dark song, and be

Terrific emblems of ETERNITY !

My friend is dead—the dizzy eye can trace

A form like his, that in the gloom appears ;

I start—his voice is in my ears !—

In vain—he cannot leave his prison-place,

He cannot burst Eternity's embrace !

No image of the Future scared his rest,

He viewed Life's shifting scenes with eager eye,

But the last act is come !—the curtain's fall—

The disappearing lights his heart appal,

And all, that was so like Reality,

Is now a hollow jest !—

The world of shadows, desolate and drear,

Surrounds him with its chilling atmosphere,

Trembling, we whisper, does he still retain
The feelings, that employ the spirit here,
Still sympathize with earthly joy and pain !

* * * * *

And what am I ?—I am, what he hath been,
And will be what he is—alas !—how soon !—
Even now I mourn Youth's morning hours serene,
The Sun of Life already is at noon,
And ere the evening comes with mellow light,
May sink in sudden night—
The dim eye may for ever close,
No dream of hope to bless that last repose !

Eternity—thou dark mysterious sea—
All that hath past—and all that is to be,
Ages and worlds are present still to Thee !
To thee the embers of the days gone by,
Are seeds and blossoms of futurity.—

—Oh, who shall measure thy sublime expanse,
The date of worlds to thee is as the glance,
Or momentary twinkle of the eye !

How many suns have faded in yon sky,

How many yet remain,

What is to thee their measured reign ?—

Their weights, like those with which Man measures

Time,

Fail, when the appointed period for their doom
Arrives,—they hold awhile their course sublime,

One sinks—a second shines—his fires con-
sume—

Another pours o'er heaven his cheerful flame,

They fade—but thou art still the same !—

The stars, whose silent majesty

Delights the earthly gazer's eye,

To thee seem withering away

Like grass in summer's sultry day,

Lovely and transient as the rose,

That in the dewy morning glows,

And perishes ere evening's close !

Long ere Existence from the Void awoke,
Ere from the abyss the world emerging broke,
Ere gushed the first rich streams of light
From Chaos' dreary night—
Even then wert thou, mysterious power,
Remote as now from thy first waking hour,
And when on Earth shall close its second night,
When nought remains but silent, desert space,
When other heavens, with other glories bright,
Shall sink—and suns and systems end their
race—
Still young as now—shalt thou rejoicing gaze
On the unbounded line of future days!—

* * * * *

The wings of Thought, though swifter than the flight
Of Time, or Sound, or Air, or Light,
When to explore thy boundless realm addrest,
Flutter with weariness, and sink for rest!

In vain I strive to grasp the thought sublime,
Heap fancied worlds on worlds, and time on time,—
Back from the fearful height the straining sight,
Giddily gazes on unending space,
Nor yet hath found one resting place ;
Forward, in vain, it ventures to explore,
ETERNITY unbroken lies before !

Oh God, thou art the stay and strength of All,—
The Sun, and Measure of Eternity !
In noonday might, and plenitude of power,
Thou can'st not retrograde, thou can'st not fall,
Eternity is in the present hour,
Unchanging Lord to Thee !
Oh, if thy glories failed—thy strength were fled,
How soon would universal darkness spread
O'er the fair realms of Being, and the sea
Of Night engulf Time and Eternity,
Lost, like a rain-drop in the Ocean's bed !—

ALL-PERFECT, in thy presence what are we ?

Atoms, or sand-grains, scattered over Earth—
(The Earth itself a speck compared with Thee !)

—Beings, that yesterday scarce sprung to birth,
To-morrow, and we cease to be !

Our Life,—so short—so vain, it well might seem
The idle coinage of a mid-day dream !

My birth—it was not that I wished to be !—

No aim—no appetency of my own,—
Thy mandate was the seed of life to me,
The fountain of my being thou alone !

Long, like the herb, unconsciously I lay—
Then life—mere bestial life—informed the clay—
Ere yet the man awoke to Reason's ray ;
Long in the womb I slept—the heavens in vain
Expanded their blue arch,—my eyes were
closed,—

My ear, yet unprepared for sound, reposed—
My only sense was Hunger—Bonds—and Pain !—

* * * * *

Soon a new impulse to the sinews came,
To fit them to the service of the frame,
The feet, grown firm, performed their office well,
The tongue soon learned to shape the syllable—
The spirit, strengthening with the body's strength,
With joy exerts its latent powers at length—
Thus moths, awakened by the burning ray,
Cast off their web, and flutter into day—
—I looked on all things with a boy's delight,
Learned something more each day—before,
around,
I gazed—compared—examined—measured—
found—
Kindled with love—felt Anger's glowing
wound—
And was a Man—in strength, and weakness quite!—

My body feels the chill approach of Night,
My limbs are sinking with Life's weary load ;
The fluttering wings of Pleasure take their flight
With thoughtless youth to seek a new abode !—
My soul is sick, and loathes the light of Day,
Cold shadows of Despair the world invest ;
Life has no charms ! I long to flee away,
My heart breathes but one hope—and sighs
for rest !—

* * * * *

(FROM SCHILLER.)

I.

LOUISA.

HARK !—is not that the clock's dull sound,
That tells my journey must be trod ?
Look there !—the hand hath moved its round,
On, headsman, in the name of God !
Receive, fond world, this last, last tear ;
This sigh for raptures that are o'er ;
Thy magic gifts, alas ! were dear,—
Enchantress, they shall charm no more.

Farewell, ye scenes of love and light,
Ill-chang'd for cold, black, heavy earth,—
No more those bow'rs shall meet my sight,
Once gay with hope, once glad with mirth ;
Farewell, farewell, ye gold-wing'd dreams,
Ye visions wove in heav'nly loom,
Ye flowers, that, while the morning-beams
Are shining still, must cease to bloom.

Rich chaplets once adorn'd my head,
The garb I grac'd was snowy fair,
Young roses then were gaily spread
In my long locks of yellow hair ;
Alas !—thou victim of the grave,
A robe as white enwraps thee now,
But ah ! where flow'rs were wont to wave,
A coarse black death-band binds the brow.

Ye maids, who shunn'd the tempter's art,
Whose hearts still heave in virgin-pride,

Oh, will ye weep a ruin'd heart,
And mourn for her too sternly tried ?
I felt—too wildly, fondly, felt,—
And, Feeling, thou hast fix'd my fate ;
The tempter vow'd, and wept, and knelt,
And Virtue slept,—and woke too late.

Perhaps, ev'n now, with serpent wile,
He hangs around a happier maid,—
Nor thinks, unfeeling man, the while,
What fate is her's, before betray'd ;
Ev'n now his lip may court the kiss,
His hand may press the vagrant lock,
His blood may bound alive to bliss,
While mine must blacken on the block.

Oh Ludolph ! Ludolph ! far or near,
Louisa's death-psalm follows thee,
A dull, damp sound shall fret thy ear,
The last low knell that tolls for me ;—

When woman's accents breathe of bliss,
And thou dost own the soft'ning spell,
Aye—traitor—in such hour as this
Thine eye shall greet—a form from Hell.

And might my pangs no pity claim?—
Deceiver!—could he bear that Scorn
Should trifle with Louisa's name,
And titter at his babe unborn?
Swift sped his bark along the main,—
I gaz'd—my giddy eye grew dim—
Beware his sighs ye maids of Seine,
I fell; for I believed in him!—

Pensive I gaz'd upon my child,
The calmness of his quiet sleep,
His guiltless pleasure when he smil'd,—
A smile so soft it made me weep;
Oh, in his looks I lov'd to trace
Features how fatal, and how fair!

Looks—my delight, and my disgrace,
That spoke of love, and of despair !

“ Where is my sire ? ”—his mute eye cries,—
Less dreadful were the thunder’s peal—
“ Where is thy spouse ? ”—my heart replies,—
And who can tell what pangs I feel ?
In vain wouldst thou thy father seek,
In vain, poor orphan’d bastard boy,
Another’s child shall press his cheek,
While mine must mourn our guilty joy.

Thy mother ;—oh what agony
Is burning in my brain and breast !
I gaze in loneliness on thee,
And almost hate thy smile of rest :
Each sigh, each start of thine recalls
The bliss that sweeten’d dearer days,
Thy very innocence appals,
And madness meets me in thy gaze.

Hell ! Hell !—and is that charmer lost ?

Smiles he no more in Sleep's soft trance ?

Some Fury sure my brain hath crost,

Some Fiend, that lit my infant's glance ;—

Hush !—from the grave strange voices breathe,—

Fond words my perjur'd lover said,—

Again—again—what serpents wreathe

This madd'ning heart,—my child is dead.

Oh Ludolph ! Ludolph ! far and near,

Foul forms fly fast and follow thee,

Dull thunders ringing on thy ear

Break all thy dreams of ecstasy !

Gaze on the shiv'ring star,—and think

'Tis the child's struggle as he dies ;—

Before his bloody image shrink,

'Twill lash thee back from Paradise !

In pangs my child expiring lay ;—

The limb's last writhe—the cold eye's stare,

The black blood gushing fast away,—
Worse than his pangs was my despair !—
Hark !—'tis the jailor's heavy tread,
Hush !—'tis the stirring of my heart,
Oh how I long to join the dead,
Then will this agony depart.

False man !—may God forgive thy sin,
Thy fellow-sinner pardons thee ;
My wrongs shall rest the grave within,
Oh that thy crime might die with me !
Oh that our crimes might pass away,
Might perish like this burning scroll,
That spoke of bliss, and beauty's sway,
Most dear, most deadly to the soul !

Oh, sisters, trust not Pleasure's dream,
Oh trust not all that man may swear,
Louisa heard a lover's theme,
Louisa still is young and fair !

What!—tears!—I thought the headsman's eye
Without a tear on Death could dwell—
Haste—o'er my face thy fillets tie,
Haste with thy blow—farewell! farewell!

II.

FROM WILLIAM TELL.

ACT I.

THE SCENE—*An elevated rocky shore of the lake of the Four Forest Cantons opposite Schwitz. The lake forms a creek in the land : a cottage is seen at a short distance from the shore—a Fisher-boy is rowing on the lake in a boat. At some distance beyond the lake, the green meadows, villages, and farms of Schwitz, are seen reposing in the clear sunshine. On the left of the spectator, the peaks of the Hacken, enveloped in clouds, and the glaciers on the right, in the remote distance. Before the curtain rises, the cow-gathering, and the musical sound of the sheep-bells, are heard, which is also continued for some time, while the scene is opening.*

[*Fisher-boy in his boat, sings.*]

(*Melody of the Gathering.*)

The lake smiles bright, in stirring light,
The little boy sleeps on the sunny flowers,
A voice sails slow
The waters along,
Like the flute's soft flow,
Or an angel's song,
Heard from Eden's bowers!—
He wakens in wonder from his rest,
The light spray falls upon his breast;
Is it a dream, or is there a voice
That whispers winningly,
Lovely little one, come and rejoice,
From the deeps below I have looked on thee,
Lovely little one, come to me!

[Shepherd on the hill sings.]

Farewell ! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the sunny lawn !
To the mountains we must away,
Summer is over and gone !

Away ! to the mountains away !
With the cuckoo's call when the green woods ring,
When the small bird's song awakens the Spring,
When the breeze is blythe and the fields are gay,
When the rivulet sparkles and sings on his way,
We will hail the merry May !

Farewell ! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the sunny lawn !
To the mountains we must away,
Summer is over and gone !

[A hunter, seen on a high rock, sings.]

On the mountains the thunder swings long and deep,
And shakes the rocks on the dizzy steep—
Where the gulf yawns dark, and the clouds sweep
dim,

Is the fowler's path—but fear not for him !

On fields of ice

Where no flower may breathe,

Where the black mists, in billows,

Are toiling beneath,

See where he leans o'er the precipice !

Through the rifts of a cloud he looks down on a scene,
Where the rivers roll bright, and the meadows are
green !

III.

FROM WILLIAM TELL.

ACT IV.

[TELL, *alone.*]

THROUGH this deep pass must Gessler come—to
Kussnacht

There is no other road!—here must the deed
Be done!—the time and scene are favourable!
Yonder thick shrubs will screen me from his view,
And thence the arrow will not fail to reach him—
This narrow pass will check his followers—
—Aye, settle thy account with heaven in speed—
Tyrant, thy doom is fixed—thy days are ended!—

Mine was a calm and harmless life—my bow
Against the forest game alone was bent—

My soul was never stained with thoughts of blood !
But thou hast scared away my fireside joys,
And thou hast changed to worse than serpent-poison
The current of my thoughts—my heart was human,
Thou hast familiarized it now to horrors—
—He, who against his child hath bent the bow,
Can send the arrow to an enemy's heart !—

Childhood, and Innocence, and Womanhood,—
All, whom thy brutal passion menaces,
Must I protect from thee ! for I have sworn—
In that dread moment, when I drew the bowstring—
While my hand shivered—when, with devilish pleasure,
sure,

Thou didst compell the father 'gainst his child
To aim the arrow—when I knelt before thee,
And prayed in vain to thee,—then did I swear
A fearful oath—a solemn covenant
With mine own soul I made—and God was witness—
That thy bad heart should be my arrow's object
When next I bent my bow—the oath I swore

In that unutterable agony
Shall sanctify this act of blood—I'll do it !

Thou wert the Emperor's magistrate and servant,
But never would the Emperor have done
Thy deeds—he sent thee hither as a judge—
To judge with rigour, but in righteousness—
He did not send thee hither to indulge
Thy bloody pleasure with impunity—
There is a God—to punish and revenge !—

Come, let me look on thee, that wert the cause
Of all this grief—my dear, my own good arrow,
Still my best treasure—we will find a mark
Far different from thy quarry hitherto—
And thou, my faithful bow—I give thee thanks
For thy good service in my hours of sport—
Fail me not now in this most serious moment—
Once more—this once hold faithfully the string
Which oft has winged the arrow from my hand—

Oh ! if it reach not now the destined mark,
—I have no second dart—all, all is lost !

I will sit down upon this rock—a seat
Which yields the traveller a short repose—
For no one tarries here—men pass each other
As strangers, each on his own occupation
Intent, and heedless of his neighbour's business—
The pondering merchant—pilgrims, lightly girded—
The thoughtful monk—the gloomy robber pass,—
The merry player—and, with his laden steeds,
The waggoner, who brings through these wild roads
The marketable wealth of distant lands—
Each travels onward on his different way—
Each to his own pursuit—and mine is murder !—

Till now, whene'er your father's steps, my children,
Wandered from home, it was an hour of joy !
For ne'er did he return without some gift,
Some flower, that blossoms high among the Alps,

Some bird, with plumage strange and beautiful,
Some shrub, that pleased him in his mountain walk.
Far other is his occupation now—
By a wild road he sits, and thinks of murder,
And lies in ambush for his foeman's life !—
And yet, beloved children, here, even here
He thinks on you :—to shield your innocence,
To screen you from the tyrant's vengeful hate,
He bends his bow, and meditates on murder !

[*Stands up.*

Yes ! I am watching to surprise and slay
A savage monster !—well—the hunter dreads not
For days to struggle with the winter's frost—
To leap from rock to rock with desperate spring—
To climb up smooth and slippery walls of stone,
Staining each fearful step with his own blood—
And this—all this—for some poor pitiful prey :—
—And shall I fail, or shrink at weariness,
With such a quarry for my bow—the heart
Of the bad man, who seeks to ruin me !—

My whole life long the practice of the bow
Hath been familiar to me—and my dart
Hath often reached the black mark in the target,
And many a prize of sportive exercise
Have I brought home—but this day will I prove
My skill—this day will fire the master-shot—
And all throughout the circle of our mountains
Will own with triumph my superior skill!—

(FROM KÖRNER.)

I.

THE BLACK JAGER'S SONG.

1.

To field !—to field !—in arms arise,
Spirits of revenge incite us !
To field !—to field !—the banner flies !—
War and Victory invite us !—

2.

And spare ye not ! raise high the sword !
Foes pray—but who will heed 'em ?—
Shrink not, 'till life's last drop is pour'd—
Death is the gate of freedom.

3.

Gaze, brethren, on our mourning weeds,
Oh think on BRUNSWICK'S story !
And will ye shrink, till the tyrants sink,
And these black garbs drip gory ?

4.

When the foe is fallen, the star of peace
Shall glow bright on our hills for ever,
And the white flag shall shine o'er the bold broad
Rhine,
Our own majestic river !

II.

THE ~~FIVE~~ OAKS OF DALLWITZ.by Theodore Körner

1.

'Tis evening—in the silent west,

The rosy hues of day-light fade,

And here I lay me down to rest,

Beneath your venerable shade,

Bright records of a better day,

Aged,—but sacred from decay—

Still in your stately forms reside,

Of ages past the grace and pride !

2.

The brave hath died—the good hath sunk,

The beautiful hath past away—

Yet green each bough and strong each trunk

That smiles in evening's farewell ray !

Storms blew in vain—the leaves still spread
A bright crown on each aged head—
And yet, methinks the branches sigh
“Farewell, the Great of Earth must die!”

3.

But ye have stood! still bold and high,
And fresh and strong, and undecayed,
When hath the pilgrim wandered by,
Nor rested in your quiet shade?—
Ye mourn not, when the sere leaves fall
At coming Winter's icy call!—
They perish in their parent earth,
They nurse the tree that gave them birth!

4.

Emblems of ancient Saxon faith!
Our fathers, in our country's cause,
Thus died the patriot's holy death,
Died for her freedom and her laws!

In vain they died—in vain, for all
Are silent to their country's call—
In vain she calls!—the storm hath past
O'er Germany:—her oaks stand fast—
Her people perished in the blast!

(FROM GOETHE.)

I.

THE

BRIDE OF CORINTH.

1.

A stranger youth from Athens came
 To Corinth—though himself unknown,
 Relying on his father's name ;—
 Nor hospitable ties alone
 Secured him a Corinthian friend,
 For, plighted by his father's vows,
 He longed to see his plighted spouse,
 And hence his journey's aim and end.

2.

But shall the stranger welcome be ?

Or must her love be dearly bought ?

Alas ! a heathen still is he,

And they the Christian faith are taught !

And when new forms of faith arise,

How soon love's tender blossom dies,

Without a sigh, without a thought !

3.

The house in midnight silence lies,

Father and daughters, all at rest !

Sleep only shuns the mother's eyes—

She rises to receive the guest—

She leads him to a chamber bright,

And wine and bread before him laid ;

She bows, and wishes him “ Good night ! ”

4.

He thought not of the wine and bread,

He only felt a wish for rest—

At once he flung him on the bed—

His weary limbs scarce feel repose,

When, hush ! the chamber doors unclose,

And in there steals a timid guest.

5.

He wakes—and by the lamp's faint light,

Behold a maiden tall and fair !

Her veil is white—her robes are white—

Black is the band that twines her hair—

'Tis black, but streaked with lines of gold—

She screams, and shudders to behold

The stranger youth reclining there,

And, lifting her white arm in air,

6.

Exclaims, “ Then am I nothing here !

Guests come and go, and none tells me !

Dark is my chamber, lone and drear,

And here to come is infamy.
To wander here is scaith and shame,
Sleep on, young stranger, quietly,
And I will vanish as I came !”

7.

‘ Stay,’ cries the youth, ‘ stay, maiden dear,’
As lightly from the couch springs he,
‘ CERES and BACCHUS, lo ! are here,
And LOVE, sweet maid, hath come with thee.
Ah ! thou art pale with idle fear,
The Gods are good, and blest are we !’—

8.

“ Away—young man—stand far away,
What pleasure is, I feel not now—
Joy hath for ever fled from me,
Scared by a mother’s gloomy vow ;—
She feared to die,—my youthful bloom—
My hopes of love—her stern decree
Hath destined to a living tomb !

9.

“ Our ancient Gods no longer deign
In this dull mansion to reside—
But one, who dwells in heaven unseen,
And one, upon the cross who died,
Are worshipped with sad rites severe ;
No offering falls of lamb or steer,
But human victims suffer here !”

10.

He ponders, with a trembling heart,
Each word that falls upon his ear,
‘ And art thou then—ah ! sure thou art
My plighted spouse, that meets me here ?
Be mine, my love, our father’s vow
Hath blessed our loves—be mine even now !’

11.

“ Have they not told thee then,” she cried,
“ That I thy consort may not be—

My sister is thy destined bride ;
But in her arms, ah ! think of me,
Who in my cell will think of thee,
Who pine and die with love of thee,
The cold earth soon my woes will hide."

12.

' No !—never !—by this lamp I swear,
That glowing emblems Hymen's torch,
Thou shalt not perish thus from me.
Oh ! we will seek my father's porch,
And from this home of sorrow flee ;
Be mine, my love, be mine to-night,
To-morrow's sun will guide our flight.'

13.

She reached to him a chain of gold,
Of deathless love a token fair ;
He reached to her a silver cup,

Adorned with gravings rich and rare ;
“ The cup, my love, I may not take,
But give me, for thine own dear sake,
One only ringlet of thy hair !”

14.

Damp strikes the hour that spirits know—
Her eyes with eager pleasure shine,
Her cheek assumes a sparkling glow,
Her pale lips quaff the blood-red wine ;
But vainly may the youth entreat,
The wheaten bread she will not eat !

15.

She reached the wine-cup to his hand,
Like her, with eager joy, he drinks,
He speaks to her with words of love ;
On love, on love alone he thinks ;
In vain his warm intreaties prove,
No words have charms her breast to move—
In tears, upon the bed he sinks !

16.

She leans above him o'er the couch,
"Thy pangs I mourn but cannot heal—
What!—ha!—my limbs have met thy touch,
And tell thee what I would conceal;
White, white as snow! cold, cold as sleet,
Is she whose love thou dost entreat!"

17.

He strains her in his closing arm
With strength that youth and passion gave;
'Cold as thou art, thy blood shall warm,
Even if thy dwelling were the grave.'
With frenzied clasp of wild desire,
He strains her to his breast of fire.

18.

Strange was, I ween, that bridal scene,
For with their kisses mingle tears;
But what is coldness, what are fears,

While in her lover's bosom prest,
The blood that stirs
In his veins warms hers,
But, oh ! no heart throbs in her breast !

19.

Without the door the mother stood,
That under-voice what may it be,
She knows not—and she lingers there,
She listens long and anxiously ;
Oh, is it, that she hears aright,
Voices like lovers', low and light ?

20.

Breathless she stands, and motionless,
Till of these low words satisfied—
The vows of lisping tenderness,
The words of lover and of bride—
' Hark ! the cock crows—day soon will shine,
To-morrow night, again, my love,
To-morrow night thou wilt be mine.'

21.

The mother hears no more—in wrath

She bursts into the stranger's room ;—

‘ And is there in my house a maid

Thus shameless, who can thus presume

A passing stranger's love to wooe ?’

Thus thinks she angrily—when, lo !

By the lamp's decaying glow,

Her own—her daughter meets her view !

22.

In the first impulse of his fear

He strove to hide the maiden's face—

In vain he drew the curtain's fold,

In vain he strove her veil to place,

Still from his reaching hand she rose,

Tall and more tall her stature grows.

23.

“ Oh, mother ! mother !” hollow sounds,

Unearthly, formed each fearful word ;

“ Thou enviest me this bridal night,
These few short moments of delight,
To pain am I again restored !

And is it not enough that I
For thee in funeral pall should lie ?
For thee in youth should fade and die ?

24.

“ Me, from my narrow silent bed,
Hither a wondrous doom hath driven :
Your priests their mummary song have said,
But, oh ! it hath no weight in heaven !
In vain your mystic spells ye prove !
The grave is cold—but chills not love !

25.

“ I was his doomed and destined bride
In days, while Venus' fane still stood,
But ye your former vows belied,
And sealed your late-learned creed in blood ;

Alas ! no heavenly power stood by,
When thou didst doom thy child to die !

26.

“ And hither from the grave I roam
To seek the joys denied in life ;
Hither, to seek my spouse I come,
To drain his veins, a vampire wife !
His doom is past—his fate severe—
For Madness hath been bride-maid here !

27.

“ Young man, thy life is o’er—the pain
Is on thee that must end in death ;
Round thee still hangs my fatal chain—
Thy ringlet I must bear beneath.
Farewell ! farewell !—away ! away !
Yonder the morning rises gray !

28.

“ Hear, mother, hear a last request,
Build high for us a funeral pile ;
Oh, from that narrow cell released,
My spirit shall rejoicing smile ;
And when the embers fall away,
And when the funeral flames arise,
We'll journey to a home of rest,—
Our ancient gods !—our ancient skies !’

II.

STANZAS.

1.

AGAIN, fair Images, ye flutter near,
 As erst ye shone to cheer the mourner's eye !
 And may I hope that ye will linger here ?
 Will my heart leap as in the days gone by ?
 Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,
 Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky !
 Beneath your lightning-glance my spirit burns,
 Magic is breathing—Youth and Joy returns !

2.

What forms rise beautiful of happy years ?

What lovely shadows float before me fast ?

Like an old song still tingling in the ears,

I hear the voice of Loves and Friendships past ;—

Renewed each sorrow and each joy appears

That marked Life's changing labyrinthine waste !

The friends return who past in youth away,

Cheated, alas ! of half life's little day !

3.

But, ah ! *they* cannot hear my closing song,

Those hearts, for whom my earliest lays were
tried,—

Departed is, alas ! the friendly throng,

And dumb the echoing spirits that replied ;

If some still live this stranger world among,

Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide ;

To men unknown my griefs must I impart,

Whose very praise is sorrow to the heart !

4.

Again it comes ! a long-unwonted feeling,
A wish for that calm solemn phantom-land—
My song is swelling now,—now lowly stealing,
Like Æol's harp, by varying breezes fanned,
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders shew a heart unmanned :—
—Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The PAST,—the PAST alone, seems true to me !

III.

TO MY ABSENT MISTRESS.

1.

AND is she then no longer here ?

And art thou, my beloved, gone ?

Still ring within my troubled ear

Thy words, and in thy very tone !

2.

When, lost in the blue wilds of space,

The lark, exulting, carols high,

The listening wanderer turns his face,

And peers into the sunny sky—

3.

Around thus anxiously I gaze,
Through field and forest I seek for thee ;
Thy name alone inspires my lays—
Return, my love, return to me !

NOTES.

“THE TIMES.”

This is the work of courts :—some specious word,

Some goodly sound, &c.—P. 13, line 8.

Some watch-word for the fight,

Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right,

Religion—Vengeance—Freedom—what you will,

A word's enough to raise mankind to kill.

LORD BYRON'S *Lara*, Canto II.

Yoked her cloudy chariot to the breeze.—P. 41, line 6.

Yoked her naval chariots to the gale.

MONTGOMERY.

“ LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.”

———“ *The traveller starts*

To see the Spirits of the Desert rise.”—P. 62, line 8.

This image was suggested by the following passage in Bruce's Travels :—

“ We were surprised and terrified by a sight surely the most magnificent in the world. We saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand, at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others, stalking with a majestic slowness : at intervals we thought they were coming in a very few moments to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds.”

Even in that gay and laughing atmosphere

The fiend of desolation smiles unseen.—P. 63, line 9.

The following extracts will illustrate this passage :—

“ Je vais donc essayer de vous donner une idée générale des dehors de Rome. * * * * Figurez-vous quelque chose de la désolation de Tyr et de Babylone dont parle l'Ecriture : un silence et une solitude aussi vastes, que le bruit et le tumulte des hommes, qui se pressoient jadis sur le sol. On croit y entendre retentir cette malédiction du Prophète.—“ Venient tibi duo hæc subito in die unâ, sterilitas et viduitas.” * * *

Un petit nombre des fermes délabrées se montrent sur la nudité des champs ; les fenêtres et les portes en sont fermées ; il n'en sort ni fumée, ni bruit, ni habitans : un espèce de sauvage presque nu, pâle, et miné par la fièvre garde seulement ces tristes chaumières comme ces spectres qui dans nos histoires gothiques défendent l'entrée des châteaux abandonnés.

Chateaubriand—Souvenirs d'Italie, Tom. 1. pp. 5—6.

“ Le mauvais air (la cattiva aria) ne permet pas d'y vivre pendant l'été—Ce mauvais air fait, pour ainsi dire, le siège de Rome :—il avance chaque année quelques pas de plus, et l'on est forcé d'abandonner les plus charmantes habitations à son empire. * * * * Le mauvais air est le fléau des habitans de Rome, et menace la ville d'une entière dépopulation. L'influence maligne ne se fait sentir par aucun signe extérieur ; vous respirez un air qui semble pur, et qui est tres-agréable ; la terre est riante et fertile : une fraîcheur délicieuse vous repose le soir des chaleurs brulantes du jour ; et tout cela, c'est la Mort.”

Corinne, Tom. 1. pp. 212, &c.

The *Malaria* continues to increase ;—See Chateaufieux's statement, as reported in a late number of the Edinburgh Review.

“ZAMRI.”

The moon of madness ruled the wave.—P. 104, line 18.
This image is from the Persian tales of Inatulla.

“HOME.”

Oft

Methought some spell, &c.—P. 118, line 16.
A most full quietness of strange delight
Suspended all my powers ; I seem'd as though
Diffused into the scene.

JOAN OF ARC, Book I.

“MEMORY,”

From the German.

I avail myself with much pleasure of the author's permission to print the following stanzas. My translation is, I feel, very inadequate.

ERINNERUNG.

By S. E. W. VON SASSEN.

I.

ICH denk an Euch, wenn fern von Heimathfluren
Mein Auge weilt, von Sehnsuchtthrän gefüllt;
Der muntre Wald, voll lebenden Naturen,
Den Lenz begrüsst, der Jugendreiz enthüllt.

2.

Ich denk an Euch, wenn inniges Verlangen
Am Seegestad Erinn'ung mir erweckt;
Wenn Mondesnacht, voll schauerlichem Bangen
Gleich Silberschein den stillen Strand bedeckt.

3.

Ich denk an Euch, wenn Schatten dunkler Bäume
 Am Erlenbach im Wasserfluth sich malt :
 Weil in den Abendglanz bei'm Himmelscheine
 Ich schau—'Dort Wiedersehn ?' die Seele fragt.

4.

Ich denk an Euch, von sanfter Lieb verlassen
 In Irrland's kaltem freudeleeren Hain ;
 In Saalespracht, bei'm schönen Sonnerblassen,
 Die Welt nicht ahnt des Mädchen's innre Pein !

ERRATA.

- Page 65, line 7, *for* "swells," *read* "wells."
 — 103, last line, *for* "delirous," *read* "delirious."
 — 104, line 8, *for* "intercharged," *read* "interchanged."
 — 149, line 9, *for* "ye," *read* "he."

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2

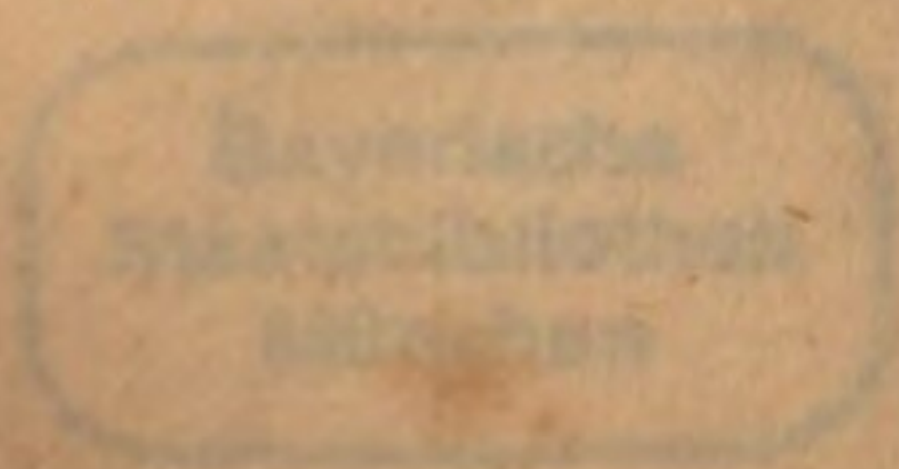
Ich steh an Bach, von Schönen Quellen gespeist
 Die Bäume des Waldes sind so schön
 Wie die der Abende, wenn die Sonne sinkt
 Im Abend- und Nachtlicht die Sterne glänzen.

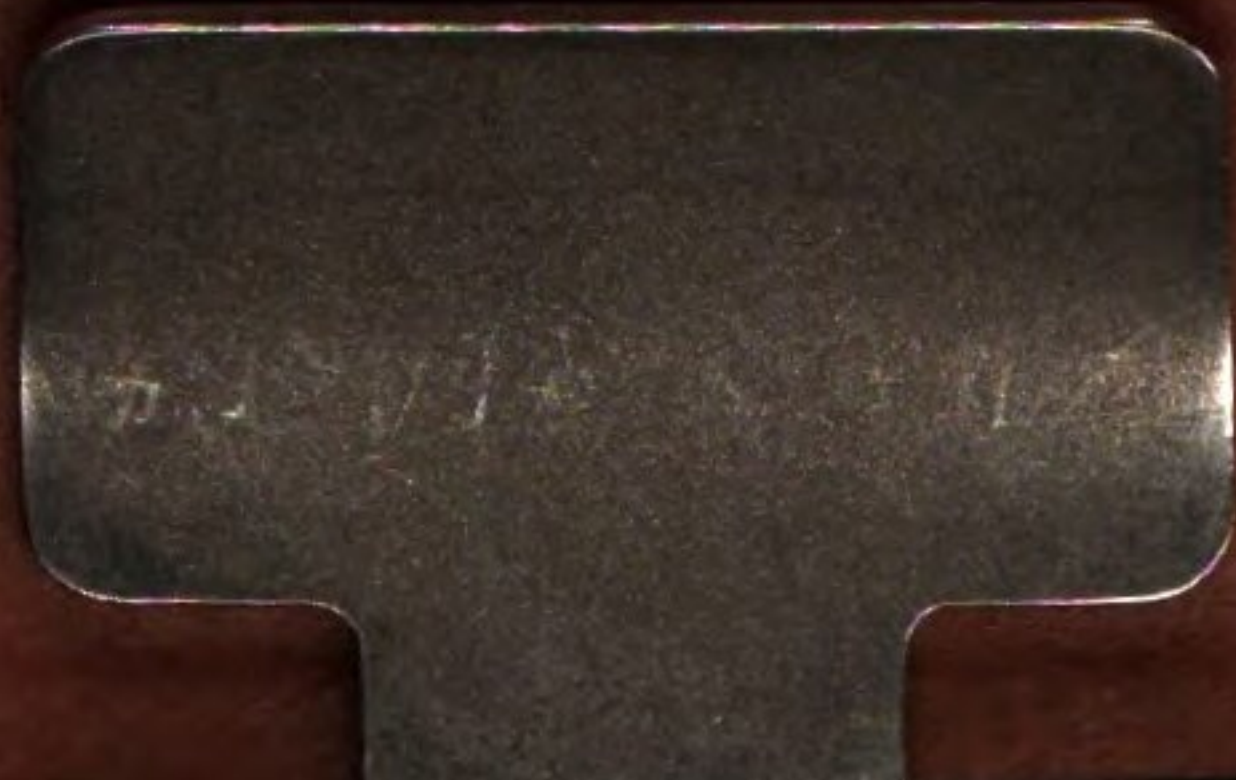
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Ich steh an Bach, von Schönen Quellen gespeist
 Die Bäume des Waldes sind so schön
 Wie die der Abende, wenn die Sonne sinkt
 Im Abend- und Nachtlicht die Sterne glänzen.

248

Ich steh an Bach, von Schönen Quellen gespeist
 Die Bäume des Waldes sind so schön
 Wie die der Abende, wenn die Sonne sinkt
 Im Abend- und Nachtlicht die Sterne glänzen.







Anster, John

Poems

Edinburgh u.a. 1819

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